




CRANE

Spring, 1945



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CONTENTS

<i>Short Stories:</i>	Page
WHITE MEMORIES.....Dean Colby.....	6
WELCOME HOME.....Nancy Lea Brown.....	18
PACIFIC ELEGY.....Rue Guthrie.....	28
I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD.....Ann Perry.....	34
<i>Sketches:</i>	
R-R-RING.....Flora Ann Nowell.....	14
FLORA.....Elinor Ellwanger.....	26
HIGH SCHOOL HERO.....Leonora Currie.....	32
I AM NOT A BIOLOGIST.....Laura Eager.....	38
<i>Essays:</i>	
THE ROMANTIC ENGLAND OF WASHINGTON IRVING.....June Holder.....	10
THE INFLUENCE OF BOY ACTORS.....Joanna Houchins.....	22
<i>Poetry:</i>	
SPRING.....Betty Barber.....	5
LITTLE BOY BLUE.....Betty McGill.....	16
CLOUD HORSES.....Betty Barber.....	30
THE SCREECH OWL'S CRY.....Laura Eager.....	31
A PRAYER.....Charlotte Maffitt.....	37
THE GRAY MAN.....Mary Katherine Nye.....	39
HAIL THE QUEEN.....Ann Perry.....	40
BLOOGIES.....Betty Barber.....	40
FEBRUARY SPRING DAY.....Flora Ann Nowell.....	54
<i>Book Reviews:</i>	
{ Lucy Ann Grovenstein Irene Bame Mary McGill }	41
<i>Editorials:</i>	44



CRANE

Spring

BETTY BARBER

As I was sitting pensively
Within four sombre walls,
A robin's melody I heard,
'Twas echoed through the halls.

I'd thought 'twas winter still outside,
Of spring, thought not at all;
The world seemed cold and sad until
I heard a robin's call.

As I reflected on his song,
Another sound I heard:
A girl's sweet voice came floating in
'Twas singing with the bird.

The day grew brighter; I could smile,
And life was born with spring,
From depths of sombreness I heard
A girl and robin sing.

White Memories

DEAN COLBY

THE DINNER had been wonderful. Everything had gone off smoothly. The guests had been on time, and that was what really made a dinner, in Dena's opinion. Dena and John were grateful to everyone for being so nice to them. Fifty years was a long time to be married, and they knew it. They were also grateful for the fuss made over their golden wedding anniversary, but now they were thankful for the pleasant respite from congratulations. It was peaceful sitting in comfortable chairs by the dance floor; and from their vantage point, they had a clear view of the whole floor. At last Kathryn, their daughter, had been made to understand that what they really wanted was to be left alone. She was attending to a guest, and now they were awaiting their granddaughter's entrance.

"Really, Dena, I don't understand Kathryn's letting Leigh stay out so. She should have been here long ago. It's much too late for a child her age to be running around."

To John, his granddaughter was still a baby. He couldn't realize that she was just a year younger than Dena had been when he had married her. To him she was still the curly-haired youngster that he remembered so well, not the eighteen-year-old debutante she affected to be.

"Look, John. There Leigh is now. She must have come in when we weren't watching, for she's dancing with Bob. Doesn't she look lovely in her white dress? She's at such a happy age. I do hope she is as happy as I have been."

John was staring at Leigh as if he had never seen her before, and indeed he had not. At least he had not seen her as she was then. Her white dress was made much like those of 1890, and her hair was pinned up with the loose curls of that period. Turning to Dena, he said as if in a trance, "Why, she's the living image of you as you were when I first saw you. Do you remember, Dena?"

Could Dena ever forget? She had been eighteen, just the age of Leigh now, and it had been at her graduation. She remembered that she had worn a white dress—a cool, thin, white dress—for the day was hot. Her hair was pinned up with loose curls. The school girls were seated in chairs at the front of the parlor while their families were at the back. Up in front Old Mrs. Cooke was droning on in a monotonous voice, telling of the virtues of the six girls who were graduating. The girls, restless, began to whisper.

"Look, Katie! Isn't that your family just coming in? And is that your brother I've heard so much about? Quit pinching me, Janie! I can see that he's very handsome. And I am not talking too loud. You know Cookie is deaf as a door nail, besides."

Katie's voice had broken in on Nora: "Yes, that's John. I didn't know he was coming. There, Dena. They're sitting down at the back. I do hope . . . Look, Dena! They've seen me. John must have made them late. He's never ready on time, and whenever we go any place, the horses always get balky."

An excited whisper broke in on this homely confession, "It's time for us to get our certificates. Please, Nora, don't forget to curtsy to Mrs. Cooke. You always get so excited."

"Young ladies, will you please step forward to receive your certificates?"

As Dena walked up to Mrs. Cooke, she felt that Katie's brother's eyes followed her every movement. Each time before when she had turned around to see him, he had been watching her. She almost forgot to curtsy herself, but in a moment it was all over and her family had surrounded her. Then Katie ran up.

"How do you do, Mrs. Masters, Mr. Masters? Please, Dena, come meet my family. Yes, Mrs. Masters, mother is quite well, thank you. Won't you go and speak to her? There, Dena. Now your whole family'll come over, and what I want to know is—can you come stay with me? Now it's out. Mother says you may, and she's going to ask your mother now. You can drive over with us tomorrow, and father . . ."

"Wait! Please slow down, Katie," Dena had interrupted. "You'll have to ask mother. Oh, I'd love to go! We are such dear friends that I hate to part now. Our school days have been such happy ones. Oh! How are you, Mrs. Gray?" with a deep curtsy to Katie's mother. "How do you do?" to John with a little bob.

How well Dena remembered that day. She had gone to visit Katie, and instead of a few weeks, she had stayed almost two months. John had been most attentive. He had escorted her with all gallantry, accompanied by his mother and father and Katie, to the small suppers and dances given in her honor. But beneath all of their gaiety there was something deeper, something so deep that Dena could scarcely comprehend it. Home at last, after all the proper preliminaries, she began to understand. She and John were in love. She hardly realized what had happened, it had all come about so naturally.

Now, after the usual engagement, wedding plans were under way. Dena remembered the day she had tried on her wedding dress for the final fitting. It was every bit as hot as her graduation day. Dena had stood on a stool for what had seemed hours.

Hattie, the old colored dressmaker, kept saying, "Miss Dena, chile, stan' still jes' a minute longah. Ah jes gwine add a tuck or two hyar an' there." Her mother had cried.

The white wedding dress had been lovely. The satin and lace had been imported, and Hattie had made the dress by the latest French pattern. The veil was misty, and Dena never could decide whether it was the veil that had made everything but John so blurred when the minister had said the time-honored words, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony . . ."

Dena and John were happily married. Time passed swiftly, and before

they realized it, 1900 was on them, and with the year came a daughter to keep their two sons company. John, Junior, was seven years old, and Bill was four when Kathryn was born. The boys worshipped her. They were constantly by her crib or by her carriage in the yard. They grew up in close companionship, these three children of Dena's and John's; and when John, Junior, left for college, Kathryn and Bill were lonely. They soon grew apart, but then in 1917 when John volunteered upon the declaration of war, they were distressed, and the whole family became closely knit again. Bill wanted to enlist immediately also, but his father would not permit it because he was too young. Kathryn kept on at school, but when John finally allowed Bill to enlist, she joined her mother in Red Cross work at home.

Dena remembered how she and Kathryn would get home at night just in time to change from their crisp white Red Cross uniforms to brightly colored dresses before John arrived from work. He loved her in white, but she hated to be reminded or to remind him by the uniform of their two sons over in France fighting to "keep the world safe for democracy." She remembered how sad the year had been. One night she had come back to find John home and waiting for her. With a flippant "Just a minute, darling, while I change from this uniform," she had kissed him and started up the steps. Half way up she had sensed that something was wrong. It was then that she had noticed the yellow slip in John's hand.

"John, what is it? Tell me, darling, Is it . . ."

There her voice had trailed off. John with a half-choked cry of, "Dena!" had buried his face in his hands, which had let fall the telegram. Without looking at it, Dena had known the news it brought. John. She would never hear his young voice call her to bring him a clean shirt or to come find him a collar button. She never thought that it might be Bill. John, Junior, was such a devil. Always in some kind of a mess. Bill never got into unconquerable situations; he always came out to the good. But not John, Junior.

Time passed slowly after that, but by the time Bill returned after the armistice, the wound had almost healed. John's death was only a memory, only a bad dream. After the armistice Bill obtained a job as teller in the bank, and in 1920 he married his childhood sweetheart. His salary was small, but large enough to support a wife.

Kathryn had returned to school where she fell in love. A few years later she was married in her mother's wedding dress. Dena remembered how Kathryn had looked and wondered if she had looked as happy on her wedding day. The dress had mellowed with age and was even more beautiful than the first time it had been worn.

After the birth of Kathryn's daughter Dena and John had settled down to rearing their grandchild. They did not realize that so much time had passed until Kathryn reminded them that their fiftieth anniversary was approaching. She had a small dinner and dance in mind and wondered if her parents were up to the celebration. After all, Dena was seventy.

Seventy years old? Dena did not feel that old. Maybe she should say seventy years young. A white dress would make her feel young. All her most cherished memories were connected with white dresses of some sort. Yes, a white dress would be just the thing.

The day of the anniversary dawned bright and shining. Early in the morning the store had sent the white dress out. It was a simple dress, just

the one for a seventy-year-old lady. The white chiffon fell in soft folds around her feet. Dena loved the dress; it did show off the gold brooch, John's anniversary gift to her; and John was such a perfect husband. He never brought up a subject just for the sake of quarreling. Of course they had had their little differences. What married couple didn't? But all in all, theirs had been a perfect marriage.

Dena gave a start.

"What, John? What did you say? I must have been day-dreaming." No, I'm not day-dreaming. These are the memories of a full and happy life.

"Granny, darling, please don't look so sad. Now if it were I celebrating my golden wedding anniversary . . . Just look at her, Grandpa—Wake up Granny! It's me, Leigh. Your granddaughter has come to pay her respects to the grandest couple on earth."

Here John's voice interrupted. Dena thought, "He understands."

Aloud she added, "Thank you, dear. My, you look sweet and charming. That white dress is exquisite. Why, with your coloring and eyes . . ."

"Oh, Granny! I hate white! It's so commonplace. I never want another white dress as long as I live. Give me something bright and colorful. I want something that will live in my memory for the rest of my life!"



The Romantic England of Washington Irving

JUNE HOLDER

WHEN one reflects upon Washington Irving's place in literature, he invariably thinks of Irving as an American romanticist. It is true that the romantic literature of our country would lack a unique flavor without the contribution of the man who created the long-armed, spindlenecked, snip-nosed schoolmaster, Ichabod Crane, and the barrel-shaped, smoke-wreathed, doubt-filled Mouter van Twiller. We have only to consider, moreover, the settings of Irving's American sketches to realize his governing romanticism throughout. The beauty of the Catskill Mountain atmosphere, the appeal of the simple, rural, early American life, the humor in the lazy, nonchalant Dutch people—all are intrinsically romantic.

The creator of this, however, was not only American but he also revealed, through the settings of his English sketches, his kinship with the old English world of romance. There were various forms of English life and culture in which this romanticism disclosed itself—the beauty of the landscape, the everyday life and traditions of the people, and the various famous shrines of the country. The effects of this English romanticism upon the character of the average Englishman will also be considered. The ultimate result will reveal that Irving, the Englishman, existed as well as Irving, the American. To him, indeed, belonged a genuine appreciation of the old, the romantic, the stately, and the traditional, which is wholly English.

The English world to Washington Irving was amazingly beautiful. Throughout his English sketches this is the one fact which demands the attention of the reader. And certainly one of the primary sources of this beauty to Irving lay in the poetic appeal of rural life and, more especially, in the loveliness of the English landscape. Poetically, the various aspects of external nature in England seemed to remind Irving of the nation's great heritage of nature literature. Were not these trees, birds, and flowers the same aspects of nature which had inspired Wordsworth, Shelley, and Shakespeare? Throughout Irving we discover his veneration for the old being imparted in this atmosphere of poetic worship. Irving, of course, realized the beauty of nature for its own sake, for he was a romanticist. But he also appreciated this English nature for the poetic associations which it held with the past. In his "Stratford-on-Avon" sketch, for example, he is particularly intrigued with the external England which reflected Shakespeare.

It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout. . . The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges . . . and the lark . . . towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pour-

ing forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster mounting up higher and higher . . . it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in *Cymbeline* . . . Indeed the whole country about here is poetic ground; everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare.

Thus we see one phase of Irving, the English romanticist—he is undeniably linked with the poetic beauty of England; and he sees the England that was in the England that is.

This same English landscape, Irving realizes, is the pride of the English heart. The Englishman glows in his beautiful country, and he sees in it a just reason for his pride and nationalism. He says in his "Rural Life in England": "The English are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employment of the country." Irving very beautifully grasps this feeling himself; and, although he writes objectively, describing how the Englishman feels about this lovely scenery of England, the reader perceives that Washington Irving is presenting his own reactions as well. Hence, we see that the beauty of the English landscape is the joy of all Englishmen as well as the inspiration of the literary few who see in it the glory of a past, poetic England.

English rural life, moreover, holds additional charms for Irving in its atmosphere of antiquity and simplicity, as illustrated in the everyday life of the people. The England of Irving's time still possessed to a certain extent class distinction. The rural life revolved around two groups, the peasantry and the gentry, the latter owning great tracks of land which the former worked as tenants. A feudal relic from the Middle Ages, this system was inherently romantic. Irving's country squire we may consider as the typical illustration of the rural gentry; and the village folk who were invited to the squire's home for the Christmas festivities are the peasants of England as Irving saw them. Thus the very fact that the rural people were of the two classes is a relic from the old English world of romance.

The homes and occupations of these people were also descended from the romantic feudal days. The lords lived in huge country estates, surrounded by acres of rich farm land, while the peasants resided nearby in their small but picturesque cottages, being somewhat subservient to the squire and working his lands. On great festival days they were usually invited to the manor house to join in the merrymaking with the entire village. This system, while not always democratic in principle, yet was romantic in that its origin lay in the past.

This all-powerful personality of the squire was emphasized even in the churches of the village, for the lord's family possessed a pew to themselves, while the peasantry sat around them, suggesting somewhat the positions of the two classes in daily life. In addition, the parson received his "living" from the squire; and hence the entire church in a sense belonged to the lord of the town. Strongly reminiscent of Addison in "A Country Sunday," Irving describes the interior of the church, emphasizing this ownership by the squire:

The interior of the church was venerable; but simple; on the walls were several mural monuments of the Bracebridges, and just beside the altar was a tomb on which lay the effigy of a warrior in armor. I was told it was one of the family who had signalized himself in the Holy Land. . .¹

1 Washington Irving, "Christmas Day," *The Sketch Book*, p. 205.

Some of the most interesting features of eighteenth century England were its traveling facilities and its inns. The English stage-coach has long been famous in literature, and Irving added to its literary reputation in his "Stage-coach." After the delightful portraiture of the jolly, bulky stage-coachman, he launches into a discussion of the vehicle itself. The picture Irving thus brings to mind is so romantically pleasing that the reader wishes he might be transported to that long ago world of horse-drawn vehicles himself. But if Irving is delightful in his picture of the stagecoach, he is even more appealing in his representation of an English inn:

As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through the window. I entered, and admired . . . the picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was . . . hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from the ceiling; a clock ticked in the corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef . . . upon it . . . Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a bustling landlady, but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word with the group round the fire. ²

Could any picture be more charming? The simplicity, the antiquity, and even the inconvenience of such outmoded customs are romantic. Irving the Englishman proves himself again a sympathizer with the true English spirit.

Irving brings forth still another phase of English idealistic antiquity and simplicity in his sketches on the living tradition of England, and perhaps the most romantic of all these traditions are those related in his Christmas sketches. With the first line of the "Christmas Eve" piece, the reader is transported into the old English world of Christmas. "It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold." What better introduction to the Christmas atmosphere could we desire? "Through the still, frosty air" we approach the mansion, and the Christmas spirit is heightened by the beautiful aspect of the moon filtering through the branches of the trees "as she roll[s] through the deep vault of a cloudless sky." And then suddenly the welcoming aspect of the old family mansion looms over "the frozen ground." "The sound of music and a burst of laughter" then quickly finish transporting one's imagination into the world of the Yule log, the Christmas candle, and the mistletoe; and on entering the great doors, we find ourselves completely immersed with Irving in the Christmas of Merrie England. There is revelry of every description, with many games and much conversation. Across the hall is burning the ancient Yule log, by which sits the squire, "seated in his hereditary elbow chair by the fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system beaming warmth . . . to every heart." Now the hall is being cleared for the holiday dance, and all is jolly fun and good spirits. But the crowning event of Christmas Eve occurs after all have retired to their respective bedchambers:

I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air below the window. I listened and found it proceeded from a band of waifs from some neighboring village. They went around the house, playing under the windows. The sounds be-

² Ibid. p. 187.

came more soft and aerial and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and, as they gradually died away, I fell asleep.

Christmas Day dawns and is announced very tenderly by a choir of small voices outside one's bedroom door. The children are proclaiming the Saviour's birth at every door in the house. A few minutes later breakfast is served—"what the squire denominated true old English fare." But the church service on Christmas Day is the heart of the celebration. The building is very beautifully decorated, and the Christmas spirit breathes from the very rafters. After the traditional sermon, all return home, where village lads are performing an ancient country dance. And then the rustics of the hamlet are invited in; and peasantry and nobility mingle with a common purpose—to celebrate their Saviour's birth. Mirth is king as Christmas Day advances.

The Christmas dinner soon follows, this crowning joy being served before a blazing, crackling English fire. After grace is said, a servant bears in a huge pig's head with a lemon in its mouth. Immediately the musicians strike up a flourish, at the conclusion of which an ancient carol is sung. The preceding ceremony, supposed to represent the bringing in of the boar's head, is performed with all the solemnity and gravity which only an Englishman can foster. After the sumptuous banquet, the famous Wassail Bowl is placed before the squire. "Being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface," its entrance is hailed with the greatest of acclamations by the gentlemen. The squire, "having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a Merry Christmas, sends it brimming round the board for every one to follow his example." Good humor and hilarity reign, then, until according to the good old English custom the ladies retire and leave the gentlemen to their stories, conversation, and wine. After dinner the hall is given over to the children, while the older members of the household gather in the drawing-room for further conversation. Could there be a lovelier or a more romantically enchanting group of sketches than the three discussing Christmas in old England? Irving the English romanticist here reaches his peak of perfection. He is, perhaps, fully as romantic with other subjects; but he never surpasses the achievement reached in the Christmas pieces. In these works as in no others Irving completely identifies himself with the romance of old England.

Another group of English traditions which Irving treats is that dealing with funerals; but to understand completely Irving's great interest in these, it is necessary first to study the man's general romantic feelings about death. The English graveyard never ceased to fascinate Irving. In sketch after sketch he describes a funeral procession and then launches into a philosophical discussion of the grave. Irving indeed shows a very strong resemblance to the famous "graveyard school" of poets. "Oh, the grave! the grave!" he cries. "It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment! The graves of those we loved—what a place for meditation!"³ In none of the sketches is this air of melancholy contemplation revealed so well as in "Westminster Abbey." As he wanders from tomb to tomb, he is overcome with the poignant atmosphere of death and ruin. It is, he says, "a mingled picture of glory and decay;" for, as he looks around him at the tombs of the once famous men and women of English history, he is overcome with the awfulness of death and the sense of the uselessness of all human pride. Indeed, we can

(Continued on page 50)

³ Washington Irving, "Rural Funerals," *The Sketch Book*, p. 136.

R-R-Ring

FLORA ANN NOWELL

IT WAS NIGHT. A beautiful moon floated like a majestic golden bubble through the inky sky. A gentle breeze rustled the newly formed leaves on the trees while the night watchman plodded his lonely round, and now and then whistled a catchy little tune to keep himself company. It was an hour after light bell, and most of the occupants of Hamilton Dormitory were sound asleep, but a few lay awake weaving beautiful daydreams or going over and over some pleasant or unpleasant experience of the day; and some lay in a blissful sort of stupor halfway between sleep and wakefulness.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by the ringing of a bell. Some thought it was the alarm clock and gropingly tried to turn it off, but most realized at once that it was the telephone. They lay in their beds with wide open eyes and clutched the covers while a thousand thoughts raced through their heads.

"It's Dick," thought Susan with breathless excitement. "It's Dick! I know it is!"

Dick had been overseas for three years now, and at last he was coming home. This would surely be he, calling from New York probably. Susan was so sure of it that she swung out of bed to her feet and fumbled for her bedroom slippers and robe.

"Where are you going?" mumbled her roommate, who had her own ideas as to who was calling.

"To get some water," answered Susan embarrassed, but she continued to sit there on the edge of the bed, her ears straining to hear.

Next door, Alice breathed a prayer that this time it would be for her—Alice, who never got a phone call, or any mail, who had no friends, not even a roommate.

"If only I would get a call late at night," she thought with the pitiful hopefulness of the unpopular. "Then maybe they wouldn't think I was queer any more. Maybe they would like me!"

But in her heart she knew that it wouldn't be for her and that they never would like her. Two tears trickled down her cheeks, but her lips kept whispering, "Please, *please*, PLEASE be for me."

"It's mother," thought Harriet, and a terrible fear clutched at her throat.

She thought of the once-beautiful woman who had lain for months now wasting away with an incurable disease. "The doctor said it wouldn't be long," she whispered, "but it can't be, it can't be, not now." She almost cried out in her anguish and lifted a desperate prayer that it would be postponed a little longer.

"It's Harold," cried Dorothy. "Something's happened to him. I know it has."

Harold was still in the comparative safety of this country, but Dorothy was always sure something had happened to him.

"Don't be a goon," said her roommate Constance. "Nothing's going to happen to Harold. Besides it may be Mike." Her voice softened. "Oh, I do hope it is—calling me up to surprise me."

She caught a moonbeam in the prism of the new addition to her third finger left hand and watched it sparkle.

"Dear Michael," she whispered softly.

Phyllis, who was the nervous type, sat straight up in bed. Her eyes were round circles of dread in the semi-darkness of the room, and a train of unpleasant thoughts ran through her mind. Her mother had had a stroke . . . no, Bobby had fallen off his pony and broken his back . . . or maybe there had been a telegram from the War Department that began "We regret to inform you" and meant that brother Ben was—but no, she mustn't even think of that.

"Please let it not be for me," she prayed.

"Maybe it's Sylvia," said Annette to her drowsy roommate. "Maybe she's had her baby. Oh, I hope it's a girl. Goodness, suppose she had a hard time of it. Suppose something's happened, and I'm not going to be an aunt after all. Oh, mercy!"

"Now let me see which one that will be," wondered Mona, the pretty one. "It can't be Tex. He's overseas. It might be Fred, but why should he call at this hour? Oh, goodness, suppose Rudy has found out he isn't the only man in my life. It would be just like him. He's so jealous. Oh, it's probably only Gerald—the drip. I hope he's not trying to get in his bid first for the mid-winters, 'cause I want Malcolm to—oh, mercy! Maybe Kenneth's being moved. I hope he doesn't go too far away. He's pretty cute. Heck, I wonder which . . ."

And so it went down the hall, the blatant ringing striking a responsive chord of some kind in every heart. A half a hundred eager pairs of ears listened breathlessly as the footsteps of the proctor came nearer and passed by. Half a hundred girls breathed sighs of relief or disappointment as they stopped before a room at the far end of the hall—the room of the only girl in the dormitory who was fast asleep.

The moon continued to float majestically, the new little leaves continued to rustle, the night-watchman continued to go his lonely round, and the occupants of Hamilton Hall turned over and went back to sleep. All were unconscious of the moment of drama that had passed.

“Little Boy Blue”

BETTY MCGILL

TO EVERY American boy and girl the charming nursery rhyme, "Little Boy Blue," is familiar. What person cannot remember having absorbed in utter delight this very first experience with poetry while nestled in the lap of his father or mother? As one grows older he will assuredly maintain that Mother Goose's own "Little Boy Blue" is incomparable, come what may from other pens. It is interesting, nevertheless, to clothe this little rhyme playfully in the poetic expressions and devices peculiar to some of our well known poets in English and American literature.

Mother Goose's rhyme is as follows:

*Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cows in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
Under the haystack fast asleep.*

Tennyson would have brooded over the careless youth who in the face of duty shirked his responsibility:

*The summer sun is sinking low
And homeward now the farmers go;
The bleating sheep in the cornfield row
Are waiting for the bugle blow
 of the shepherd Boy Blue.
Under a haystack wide and steep
The foolish shepherd lies asleep,
His simple duty failed to keep.
O heavens, then, cease not to weep
 for the shepherd Boy Blue.*

Browning, in his buoyant, whimsical manner would have revealed the soul of a tired little boy who cared more about dreams of a voyage on the ocean than his unromantic task of watching sheep:

Yes, evening has come.
In the pastures there, the sheep wait
To be taken home—
It is cold and late.
And underneath the haystack—it is true
The shepherd boy lies asleep
Forgetting the sheep he meant to keep
While dreaming of his pirate's crew.
What cares he for his shilling and half
For watching beasts that cannot laugh

*Or talk, or play the vital role
Of one-eyed pirates on ship patrol?
Let him sail on his Spanish Main
He will wake too soon to duties' pain!*

Scott in his galloping metrical verse would have rejoiced at an opportunity for telling a story about a Scottish youth to his "lords and ladies gay."

*O listen, lords and ladies gay,
To the woeful note of a Scottish lay
About a lad who left his sheep
And under the haystack fell asleep.
The night was falling
The sheep were calling,
But this young lad did not obey—
Gentle lords and ladies gay.*

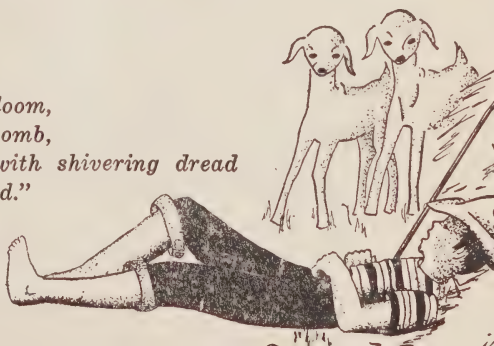
Byron, in a turbulent and passionate mood, would have called upon the ocean to witness such a scene—a scene of course not so troubling as his own life.

*O ocean—haven of my soul—
Often on my silent midnight strolls
I poured my heart and soul to thee
While wildly dashed the mighty sea;
Look thou on this simple sight
Where in a meadow crying sheep
Blinded by the falling night
Are waiting for the lad asleep.
He does not sound his bugle's blow.
Calmly there he lies at ease,
His heart and soul in perfect peace—
Would that mine were so!*

To the somber and melancholy Poe, the simple story of Boy Blue asleep beneath the hay would not have lent itself unless Boy Blue sleep the sleep of death.

*It was night in dreary October,
The winds they were groaning with pain,
The clouds they were bursting with rain,
It was night by the lake of Auber
That she waited constant and true,
That she waited for Boy Blue,
And the winds were sighing with shivering dread
"He is dead—he is dead."*

*He left her at morning's break
To roam the pastures sere
He left her by Auber's lake
In that memorable year
That the heavens marked his doom,
That the woodlands made his tomb,
And the winds were sobbing with shivering dread
"He is dead—he is dead."*



Welcome Home

NANCY LEA BROWN

ROB pushed his tin mess plate aside and took a long swallow of hot black coffee—it was good stuff, and it warmed his body—if only his brain would warm up. But it was numb, and his head kept rocking back and forth, back and forth. He looked around him at the rest of the crew, but what he saw didn't register on his mind. Nothing made an impression on him except the fact that he was going home, and even that seemed more a dream than a reality. When the CO had come in this afternoon, he had hardly listened to the short, quick words—

"Men, you've completed your missions—you're going back to the States."

Instead he'd heard the quick intake of breaths, the silence—and then the yells, and somebody was hitting him on the back. He only sat there. It wasn't that he didn't want to go home—he did. He could remember the big sturdy oaks on Woodburn, the neat lawn, the secure, compact houses. He could see the gang skating under the street light and his own S-shaped tree and the tree-house he'd built. It was just that home wasn't home any more, and he hadn't realized it until he'd received his mother's letter three days ago.

"Son," she'd written, "your father and I talked it over and decided there was no use going on; so we're getting a divorce. He'll move to the Club, and I'm going to stay here so that when you come back, you can be at home where you've always been. Please don't think too harshly of us; there just doesn't seem to be anything else to do.

"I saw Jenny today, and she said she'd just had two letters from you. Her ring is lovely—I know you'll like the one she picked out. . ."

Divorce. Divorce. The word kept going round and round in his mind, and mixed with it was Jenny and going home, only really not home, and so many things, such incomprehensible things. If only his head would stop rocking. If only—

He heard the roar of motors, and when he looked out, he saw that the giant transport that was going to take them home had landed. He took another swallow of coffee and went out.

The dark was better, and he could think more clearly. As he boarded the big plane, he remembered the time his mother and father had taken him to the airport and he'd had his first plane ride. He was fourteen then—or was it fifteen? He'd been a little scared, but his dad was there beside him, big and sturdy, and he'd soon got over that. He grinned wryly. Odd to imagine home without Dad, big and blundering, always with a pipe and a newspaper in his hand. He stopped thinking, then, and as the big plane roared through the night, he slept.

On the train for Midvale he wished fervently that he could sleep again; but as he neared home, his mind became confused with tiny, piercing thoughts. It was a chaos of indecisions and contradictions. How could he see Jenny after what had happened? What would he say to Dad and Mom? Would

Jenny understand when he tried to explain how he felt? It was all so mixed up, and he somehow wished he hadn't come home at all, then realized he didn't mean what he thought. He could see Jenny, tight-lipped, white-faced, when he told her he wanted to break their engagement. Or should he break it? He wasn't sure. He'd know, though, when he saw Mom and Dad. It was so inconceivable that his own parents would ever think of divorce. He could remember so many little things—the time Mom fell and sprained her ankle and Dad had been so worried—and the time he'd had pneumonia and had awakened from a coma to see them both there in the room, hands clasped tightly, with tears in their eyes. They had been so together, sort of. Never any quarrels, always a oneness about them. It was not understandable to him, but it was a fact he must accept.

He was brought to the present sharply by the voice of the conductor. "Midvale! Midvale! Next stop!" As they pulled into the station, he felt quaky and slightly sick. He was scared—more than he had ever been on a mission. And as he stepped off the train, he felt his throat tighten. He stood still and looked up and down the platform; and when he saw his parents coming toward him, he did not move.

They were walking together, and when they got to him, his mother said shakily, "Son, I—we've missed you." Then she cried a little and kissed him, but she seemed to be at a loss for words.

Dad shook hands with him, then, and said gruffly, "Good to have you back, son."

Not "Welcome home," because there was no such thing anymore. And all the time he kept saying something, but he didn't know what. He could only see his mother's tight smile and the tired look around his father's eyes. Quickly he realized Jenny was not there.

"Jenny—?" he ventured.

His mother said hastily, "She said she'd let us meet you alone, and she'd see you after dinner."

"By the way, son," his father said, "we thought you might like to eat out tonight—sort of celebrate, you know. But you'll want to go home—to the house first."

Rob said it was fine with him, but in his mind he didn't want to go anywhere or see anyone—not even Jenny just yet. But he couldn't explain it easily, so he agreed.

When he got home, Dad sat down stiffly in the living room as if he were already a stranger. Rob went to his room and shut the door. He looked around at its familiarity—the big globe in the corner, the bows on the wall, his golf clubs and bag. It was exactly as he'd left it—but nothing else was. He dressed slowly; and only after his mother called him twice did he go downstairs.

They went to the hotel for dinner, and he noticed heartlessly that his mother and father, though polite, had to make conversation. They not only seemed to be strangers to each other, but to him also. Nothing was said about the divorce, and Rob was tense with waiting and fearing to hear it explained coldly and sensibly.

As they finished, his father said, "I've some work to do at the office tonight, son, and your mother must go to her circle meeting. We thought this would be a good time for you to go around to see Jenny."

"Yes, sir," he replied.

He got up abruptly and walked out into the street, leaving them sitting

there. As he started to Jenny's he met Mr. Weatherby, the chief of police. He grimaced because he'd been in hopes he wouldn't see anyone he knew.

"Rob Williams!" Mr. Weatherby was a big man, and he boomed. "Your folks told me you were coming—sure is good to see you, boy! How's it feel to be home after so long?"

Home. He almost laughed at Mr. Weatherby's use of the word. Instead, he merely talked politely for a few minutes, and as soon as he could, he left. He saw Miss Sanders, the librarian, and old Mr. Lancaster, who was deaf, and many others. They all wanted to stop and talk to him, and he was afraid the delay caused by them all would deter him in his purpose to get to Jenny quickly and tell her he was not going to marry her. He knew that his mind would change easily, and he stubbornly resolved to make a clean, quick break.

Then too soon he was going up the walk to the small brick house, and his hand was pushing the bell. He waited, and that same tight feeling came in his throat, the same quaky sensation swept over him.

Jenny opened the door, and he noticed that her eyes were the same and her expression, but she had her hair done differently. Or maybe it was longer—but she was beautiful, and he stood there loving her and hating himself. She stood for a minute half waiting, and then her eyes filled with tears. He looked at the ring on her left hand. Yes, it was pretty, as his mother had said. His eyes went back to her face.

"Hello, Jenny." He knew that if he kissed her, his resolutions would be useless; so he merely stood there. She looked at him half quizzically.

"Rob darling—you're back," she said.

He shifted from one foot to the other. He knew it was now or never. He went on quickly, fearing she might interrupt him. "I've been thinking things over, and I've decided I'm not ready to be married—or engaged either, as far as that goes. We're both young, and well, I think it'd be better if we forgot about being engaged. You're a swell kid, and I hate to hurt you or anything, but you see how it is. We can be good friends until we know our own minds better."

He looked quickly down at his shoes to avoid her eyes. He loved her, but he was hurting her. There was a long silence. At last she said tightly, "I see. Yes, I'm sure that would be best because that's what you want. Only there's something I want to tell you, Rob—something I've said before. It's just that I love you. Words are meaningless now—they're spoken, and you hear them, and they're in the air. But what I'm saying is from my heart, Rob, and that's what counts. I shall always love you. And I understand."

She pushed his ring into his hand and ran inside. After a while he turned and walked heavily down the street. . .

He went to bed late that night, and he didn't sleep until early morning. When he awoke, it was noon, and the sun was streaming into the room. There was no sound in the house, but he knew his mother was there. He felt like a stranger from some place nobody'd ever heard of, and he was remorseful.

When his mother tiptoed into the room, he grinned at her with an effort, and he tried to be cheerful.

"Hello, son, sleep well? I've got some hot coffee, ham and eggs, and those good rolls you like so much waiting for you—you'd better hurry down." She adjusted the shades, and as she unpacked his suitcase, she said, "How was Jenny?"

For a minute he didn't answer. Then he said, "I've broken our engagement."

Only for a minute did his mother's hands waver. "Oh, I'm sorry, son. What kept you out so late last night?"

"I was—walking."

She left him then, and he could hear her going downstairs softly.

After breakfast he went up to the grocery store to see Mr. Haskins. Mr. Haskins was about the closest friend he had. He'd always given Rob dried apples when he was little, and he'd been a sympathetic listener to every trouble. As he walked into the store, he saw Mr. Haskins's little dried-up figure darting here and there among the produce department, waiting on customers. He waited until there was no one around, and then he went up and shook Mr. Haskins's hand.

"Sakes, boy, you're just the same—yep, just the same. Heerd you was comin' home. Reckon as how I better git them dried apples out and have 'em ready, eh?" He winked broadly.

"Thanks, sir, but I don't care for any today. I just thought I'd drop by and say hello."

"Well, come back to the post office with me where it's quiet. I got to talk to you, boy."

Rob followed slowly.

"Y' know, them dried apples is hard to git now—seems like mos' everything is, though. But I ain't complaining."

"No, sir."

Back in the post office Mr. Haskins said, "Son, I reckon as how it's time I talked to you serious-like. I can't say anything fancy—I'm just plain as a old shoe. But I know from experience what's right and what's wrong. Home ain't right to you now, I know. But you can't let it git you down. It's you, boy, that's got to live your life, and you can't let something like this ruin you. If you're knocked down, git up. You ain't the first person that's took a hard blow—I've had 'em in my day. You got to live, boy, and take life for what it is, good or bad. And you got to keep your chin up all the time. Ain't no trouble can hurt you if you set your mind to it. That's all, son. Reckon as how you might want some o' them apples now?"

How did old Mr. Haskins know how he felt? But Mr. Haskins was right—he *was right!* The quaky feeling came over Rob again, but it was all right—he knew it was.

"No thanks, sir. I'll take a rain check on those apples if I may. I'm in a hurry now."

Suddenly he was out on the street running, running faster. When he got to Jenny's house, he didn't wait to knock. Instead he burst in the front door, yelling. Jenny came into the hall. The sight of her made him stop and catch his breath. He knew she was for him and that he'd never be without her again.

"Jenny—I'm such a dope!"

And then she was in his arms, and his face was in her hair, and Jenny understood.

"When will you marry me?" he asked.

"Now," she said simply.

"Let's go tell Mom—and Dad too."

When they got to his house, Mom was in the living room—and so was Dad. They were standing close together, hands clasped tightly, with tears in their eyes.

"Welcome home, son," Dad said.

The Influence of Boy Actors

JOANNA HOUCHINS

JULIET, the queen of Shakespeare's romantic heroines, moved gracefully around the crowded ballroom of her home. She spoke no lines; she made no spectacular exhibition of talents. Yet Romeo looked at her and one of the best-known love stories of fact or fiction was born. One look at such beauty and his heart was lost! He exclaimed wonderingly:

*"It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!"*¹

While Romeo gazed spellbound at this exquisite creature, there is reason to believe that his audience also gazed at her with the same wonder. But they were not actually looking at such loveliness. The figure on the stage, smiling and bowing pleasantly to her guests, had none of the rich, dear beauty of Romeo's love-inspired lines. She was probably tall for a fourteen-year-old girl, and her heavy, elaborate costume scarcely camouflaged a hard, straight body. In truth, "she" was a boy—a lean boy perhaps fifteen years young, hovering between childhood and young-manhood, gowned and tutored to act the role of a delicate girl. Nevertheless, in this costumed figure the Elizabethan audience saw the incomparable Juliet.

With the same enthusiasm with which they received Juliet, those playgoers of Shakespeare's day accepted the pathetic Lavinia, the beautiful Hermia, the dynamic Cleopatra, the intelligent Portia. These, and at least a dozen other Shakespearean romantic heroines, originally portrayed on the stage by boy actors, have lived in drama for three hundred years. On the other hand, of the thousands of succeeding characters created by actresses in non-Shakespearean drama, one can count little more than two dozen immortal romantic heroines. How is it possible that these women of Shakespearean plays whose roles were designed for boy actors have survived time and competition?

There are two factors which determine the success and longevity of a dramatic character—the author's creation and the actor's interpretation. One of these two captures the audience's response and creates the illusion, a composite picture of the personality, appearance, and intensity of the character. The actor is naturally expected to be the predominating factor in effecting this transformation. If on the Shakespearean stage the boy actor was able to accomplish such an acting triumph in the role of the heroine, an examination of his facilities should prove interesting.

There is little evidence of the specific technical aids to make-up and costume which the boy actor employed. Most writers affirm that, in spite of the comparative bareness of the stage, the actors were elaborately costumed.

¹Romeo and Juliet, I, v, 47-49.

Account books reveal that the greater portion of the production budget was spent on costumes. In rich, colorful gowns, the boys undoubtedly found some of their problems solved and at the same time others created. Full skirts would help conceal long, boyish strides. And with practice, a boy might learn to manipulate scarves, fans, handkerchiefs daintily. On the other hand, low-cut necks and small waists which period gowns featured probably made the appearance of white-skinned, appealing shoulders and arms difficult to effect. Wigs were popular at the time, and the boys probably wore their hair naturally because long hair for men was the style. Consequently, except for learning to carry himself easily in woman's clothing, the boy actor's principal problem was not costuming.

A second essential technical aid and a greater problem to the boy actor was make-up. Imitating a girl's face was more difficult than imitating a girl's figure. But there is evidence that the boys wore masks, as suggested in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Flute objected to playing a woman in the mechanics' interlude because of his beard, but Quince answered:

*"You shall play it in a mask . . ."*²

Assuming that he meant a real "false face," and not a small, black eye mask, the reader can readily visualize that this device was clumsy and unadaptable. It eliminated the possibility of facial expression and, if anything, detracted from the authenticity of the illusion instead of adding to it. Make-up seems to be the more practical and probable device. There is no reason why the boys should not have become skilled in applying powder and rouge to imitate a girl's face. The combination of heavy make-up and inadequate lighting can be very deceiving on a stage.

Mimicking a girl's voice, another demand on the boy actor, was made possible by nature and by practice. The technique for this is hinted at in Quince's instructions to Flute for playing a heroine:

*" . . . and you may speak as small as you will."*³

As for nature's role, Cleopatra implies that sometimes nature played embarrassing tricks on the boy's voice:

" . . . and I shall see

*Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness."*⁴

Tears, the heroine's stock-in-trade, were easy to produce, if this instruction in *The Taming of the Shrew* is true:

"And if the boy have not a woman's gift

To rain a shower of commanded tears,

An onion will do well for such a shift,

Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,

*Shall in despite enforce a watery eye."*⁵

Notwithstanding all these technical aids to creating his role, the boy's acting ability was naturally the primary factor in his portrayal of a romantic heroine. He learned his profession as apprentice to an older, experienced actor. A few began very young as members of boys' companies at schools, such as the Children of the Chapel at Blackfriar's, which competed successfully with the mature companies for years. Most critics comment that the boy actors were, on the whole, well trained and were skilled in enacting their roles. Hazelton

²I, ii, 51.

³Ibid, 52.

⁴*Antony and Cleopatra*, V, ii, 219-20.

⁵*Induction*, i, 124-28.

Spencer suggests that their talent is believable because young people are naturally good at drama.⁶ Make-believe, placing themselves in a grown-up world, is easy and delightful for them. He cites several Restoration plays in which references are made to outstanding feminine portrayals by boy actors. He concludes that there is no reason to believe that Elizabethan boys would not have been as good. Of course, never having seen a woman on the stage, the Elizabethan audience had no way to compare the boys with actresses.

The facts, therefore, are significant but not conclusive to prove that the boy actor was individually responsible for the success of Shakespeare's romantic heroine. Apparently he was able to achieve a fairly convincing appearance and was a capable, dependable actor. Contrary to Mr. Spencer's theory, however, no juvenile actor's name is known along with those of Burbage, Kempe, and Armin. No name of an interpreter of Juliet, or Portia, or Cleopatra made its way into the criticism or correspondence of the period. Moreover, not one of the thirty-seven plays of the Canon is written completely around a woman. Women shared almost equally with men in three plots, and figure importantly in all the plays. Apparently, however, there was no boy actor skilled enough to carry a role which would in turn have to be strong enough to carry a drama. The boy actor was not sufficiently adequate in his scope to have created completely the illusion of the romantic heroine, either in her co-starring or secondary role.

The boy actor, then, was not able to carry alone the burden of Shakespeare's romantic heroine. Therefore, the author is the primary factor responsible for her success, and the boy's position becomes that of a medium between author and audience. Shakespeare knew that his plays had to have feminine beauty and charm as surely as they must have masculine daring and subtle comedy. But in spite of the obstacles to her presentation, the romantic heroine was indispensable. So the undaunted Bard waved a magic wand over his boy actors, and the audience saw in them what he intended the heroine to be. The magic wand was words.

The whole of Shakespearean drama might be called one grand play on words. "The pictorial weakness of the Elizabethan stage placed an added burden on the dramatist, and with it offered a literary opportunity."⁷ The scenes had to be set, changed, and elaborated in the words of the characters.

*"The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the Eastern clouds with streaks of light."*⁸

Puns were one of the most popular features with the audience. No play could afford to be without these games of conversational subtlety—that is, the recurrence throughout the plays of the "horn" pun. Likewise, he returned the full force of his word power on the heroine's role since he could not depend on the appearance or the histrionic ability of his boy actor. In the lines of the other characters he created the illusion of her beauty and grace, her charm and magnetism.

This word technique which facilities necessitated was, moreover, the key to Shakespeare's popularity with Elizabethan audiences. They were delighted with word-play and suggestion. They asked nothing more of the actor than that he indicate an emotion, that he explain a change of scene. They devoured

⁶Hazelton Spencer, *The Art and Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 100.

⁷Spencer, *loc. cit.*

⁸*Romeo and Juliet*, II, iii, 1-2.

long descriptions of the heroine's beauty or of a sunrise, making no demands for plot action. Character action was lost in flowing, revealing soliloquies. The audience did not really need such an apology as Prologue makes in *King Henry V*:

"Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts."

To do this was part of their enjoyment of the play.

Perhaps, after all, Shakespeare's romantic heroine gained in charm by the lack of an authentic physical manifestation. Only rarely could a real woman look, in the eyes of an audience, the way Juliet and Hermia and Portia looked to their original audiences through the eyes of other characters. The poetry of their loveliness would not have occurred to the audience unless put on the lips of their lovers by the author.

Consider Silvia. She has been sung to for so long that, as the song suggests, she has ceased to be a person, even a fictional person. She has become an ideal of love.

*"Who is Silvia? What is she,
Holy, fair, and wise is she:
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling."*⁹

Whatever imperfections of appearance the boy actor presented as Silvia would surely have faded from sight in Valentine's passionate words:

*"What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale."*¹⁰

As for facial appearance, Julia describes herself and Silvia when she inspects Silvia's picture.

*"Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine.
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high."*¹¹

Contrast of appearance also indicates the foil as an effective device for emphasizing the femininity of the romantic heroine. For example, Adriana, typical shrewish wife, provides the antithesis in appearance and personality of gentle, pretty Luciana. The role of the colorless, tragic Lavinia probably never failed to lapse into melodrama; therefore, a malicious, scheming Tamora set off the needed contrast, balancing her role.

In "gentle Hermia" is depicted a loveliness so desirable that it brings her unhappiness. Demetrius's love emphasized this desirability. In hope of winning such beauty, he ignores her scorn, her true love for Lysander, and would even accept her as an unwilling bride. Her magnetic beauty received a strong testimony in Helen's jealousy. Hermia denounces Demetrius's love:

*"His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine."*¹²

But Helena replies bitterly:

*"None but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!"*¹³

And later to herself:

*"Through Athens I am thought as fair as she."*¹⁴

(Continued on page 47)

⁹The Two Gentlemen of Verona, IV, ii, 39, 41, 51, 52.

¹⁰Ibid, III, i, 175, 178-79.

¹¹Ibid, IV, iv, 194; 197-98.

¹²A Midsummer Night's Dream, I, i, 199.

¹³Ibid, I, i, 200-201.

¹⁴Ibid, I, i, 227.

Flora

ELINOR ELLWANGER

TALL, slender, with long, glossy black hair falling to her shoulders and wide blue eyes questioningly turned on me, my roommate-to-be put down her suitcase and announced, "I'm Flora. Looks like we will bunk together from now on."

"Wonderful," was my first thought because this was more than I had dreamed of in my thoughts of living, for the first time, with someone totally strange to me. Flora was not only exactly as tall as I, but she also wore the same size shoe, as we joyfully discovered. This was the girl whom I came to know very well in those three years of striving to become a nurse.

Flora had come to the hospital at the last moment. Although she had known all summer that she would eventually come, her hope had held that there might be some solution found which would allow her to continue her musical education. Her first love was the piano; her second, people. When the family fortune at last gave out and when there was no more money for such an expensive education, Flora turned to nursing as a means of expressing her second love. I watched with interest to see how well Flora would fit into this realistic profession, practically devoid of self-expression, regimented as we become to the routine of the hospital life. Perhaps I was surprised to see how adaptable this girl was. Perhaps my earlier ideas that musicians were all temperamental and supernatural had been wrong, I concluded. But certainly Flora was a person who could accept things as they came, be content with her lot, and be willing to make changes if necessary. Her disposition stood out to me among all the members of our class because she was so tolerant, so adaptable, so willing to accept the authority of others without complaining.

Flora was not a beautiful girl, but she made a striking appearance in anything she wore. Her clothes always seemed to be made especially for her. Naturally she was good-looking in her uniform, but she was a girl who never seemed to realize that she had that certain something which we all call glamor for lack of a better word.

At first Flora practiced her music almost every day, but as our schedules became heavier, she spent less and less time at the piano. It had got around school, as those things will, that she could play; so she began to play for chapel, then at teas, then for the glee club, and she even gave additional numbers at the various exercises of the school. Flora played very little for us, though; and when she did, she would play only the beginning of one piece, then rush on to another.

In the theoretical work in the classroom, which was by no means Flora's favorite spot, she did not excel, but she always managed to do more than just pass. In actual nursing few, if any, excelled her. She was neat and conscientious. And above all else conscientiousness is valued in a nurse, I believe, because it is the quality which assures good work.

I can see Flora all through those years as she gained skill in nursing and living. I remember so clearly the day in our second year when the dean called both of us into her office and told Flora that her only brother, of whom she was very proud, had been killed in a plane crash. It was a great shock, unbelievable; but as we solemnly packed Flora's bag for her trip home, we realized that it was only too true. Some of us held our breath while Flora was gone, afraid to think of what this tragedy might do to her. I was afraid she would not come back in training; all of us feared that it would make her bitter. But she came back. Her courage impressed us all, and there was no trace of bitterness, nor even of tears. Just a beautiful memory now lay in her wounded heart.

That same eventful year I realized that my roommate had a temper concealed beneath her placid exterior. It seldom came to light, but when it did I always preferred to be away because it invariably led to an argument. Justly or unjustly we argued and argued, usually ending by saying nothing to each other for a whole day or more. Then suddenly the quarrel would be forgotten and all would be well. Flora hated to be proved wrong, however, and I think this was the source of most of our disagreements. If she thought she was right, she could not be convinced that she was wrong even by showing her proof in black and white. She would declare that she had seen it somewhere misprinted. This gives an insight into her stubbornness. About most things she was perfectly willing to live and let live; however, occasionally she decided to have her own way and quite as often had it.

It was interesting to see her fall in love. When she came in training, there had been a boy whom Flora had thought she loved. He certainly loved her, but she gradually realized that, although she liked him very much, she did not really love him. And while this decision was being made, a tall, handsome Marine entered the picture. He proved to be her equal—equally as good-looking, equally as tolerant, equally as independent, and equally as stubborn. They had surprisingly few misunderstandings, however, and love ran a smooth course. At first she could take him or leave him; gradually she swung over to the side of being more anxious to take him.

Then graduation came and with it new careers, new contacts, new environments. We separated; Flora to live with a mutual friend and fellow nurse; I to move to Queens. I suffered some those last few days because I knew I would miss this girl I had learned to admire, love, and at times almost hate. We have remained very close friends, though, and we often get together for an old-home night. And now that the need for nurses has become so great in military positions, we are planning to give up our soft civilian positions very soon and cast our lots with Uncle Sam. Perhaps again I shall see that tall, slender girl with the glossy black hair and the wide blue eyes and hear her say, "I'm Flora. Looks like we will bunk together from now on."

Pacific Elegy

RUE GUTHRIE

I LIKE PEOPLE, and I like to talk. What's more I like to listen. Sometimes I think that, if I weren't this sort of person, travelling would be unbearable nowadays. Really, I couldn't have lived through my last train trip if it hadn't been for the Marine lieutenant who sat next to me.

He was just a kid, but there was plenty of fruit salad sprinkled over his chest, and I saw that one of his decorations was the Purple Heart. Naturally—at least it was natural for me—I asked him about himself, and especially about his medals.

"Got 'em in the South Pacific," he said. That was all I could find out. I'm not easy to gag, though, and I kept pestering him with questions. Finally, with a little jerk of his mouth, he looked at me and said, "Listen lady, I didn't do anything. There's one guy I knew, though, that I'd like to tell you about. His name was Hugh . . ."

He paused a second, reached in his pocket, pulled out a cigaret and lit it. I noticed that his hand shook a little when he raised the match. Then he began:

"Hugh was young, younger than I was. 'Bout the age of my kid brother. Two things I noticed the first time I saw him, his smile and his soft white hands. He was big and strong enough—at least I thought he was till I saw his hands. I guess he'd never worked very much before the war. He couldn't've and kept his hands like they were.

"He hadn't done much rough work in the Marines either, because he was a conscientious objector, 'conchies' we call 'em out there. I couldn't quite figure Hugh as a 'conchie,' 'cause he was a regular guy when ya got to know him. I was always goin' to ask 'm about it, but I never got the chance.

"He was ward boy in the field hospital unit they sent us to after Tarawa. That was what he'd wanted, an' believe me, lady, I don't know what you think about C.O.'s back here, but those boys take a beatin'. Just like the other medics, an' my hat's off to 'em.

"Well, Hugh was from Indiana, an' he had a girl he called Jean. He showed me her picture one day, an' I figured he hadn't showed it to many fellows or else she'd of been pin-up girl for the whole unit. By common consent, I mean! She wrote him all the time, an' every day mail came through it looked like about a fourth of it went to Hugh. One time he got twenty letters all at once.

"You'd of thought those letters were his Bible, drill manual, an' 'cyclo-

pedia all rolled into one. He used to carry a dozen or so around in his pocket, an' whenever he'd get a loose minute he'd pull 'em out an' start readin' 'em all over again. One day he told me he had 'em all filed an' listed by date. He must've had a couple of hundred of 'em when I first knew him, an' more came in on every boat an' plane.

"After we got to know each other better he told me that his only ambition was to get through with the war, go back an' get married. Then he an' Jean were goin' to New York where he had a fellowship at Juilliard. He'd played the piano since he was four, an' Jean an' music just about made up his whole life. I knew then why he had those soft white hands.

"I was on a cot tryin' to get a shrapnel wound to stop drainin', an' Hugh was takin' care of about twenty other casualties 'n myself. We didn't have much to do, there wasn't anything to read, an' I guess we all picked on Hugh more 'n we should've. But he never complained. It was always 'Yes sir' 'n 'I'll do my best, sir!' 'Take it easy, bud; we'll get that dressing off to-morrow.'

"One night I got it in my head that I needed some tea. Nothin' was workin' right inside me. Couldn't keep anything on my stomach long enough to digest it. So I called Hugh an' asked him for some tea with some sugar in it.

"'Gosh, sir!'" he said. 'That'll be sort of hard; commissary's closed for the night. But I'll try.'

"He went off, an' in 'bout twenty minutes he was back. 'Got the tea, sir. An' one lump of sugar. I know an Australian orderly, an' he knows a New Zealander who got a package from home last week. I'll have it ready in a little while.'

"That really pepped me up, just lyin' there thinkin' 'bout the tea I was gonna drink. In a little while Hugh was back, an' he looked like he'd lost his last friend.

"'Gosh, sir!'—All he ever said was 'Gosh!'—'Cookie won't stoke up to boil the water. He's short on fuel anyhow, he says, an' he says we'll have to wait 'til breakfast. I thought maybe I could get some from the operating tent, but they're doin' an emergency, an' the sergeant won't let me near enough to look in even.'

"Well, I let loose on him then. I couldn't take it, after I'd been thinkin' of gettin' that tea. 'If you had any brains, you could find a way to get some hot water,' I said. 'Why don't you use your brains, just once!'

"Hugh just blinked a little, looked back at me sorta sad like, an' then he said, 'Yes sir,' an' went out.

"He wasn't gone more 'n ten minutes when the red lights blinked. That meant the Japs were sendin' a couple of Mitsubishis over just to pester us. All the ward boys came in, Hugh along with 'em. 'Everybody into the fox-holes!' Some of the guys could walk, but there were a lot of us that couldn't. We had to be carried. Hugh came over an' lifted me—I only weighed about a hundred an' sixty then—an' carried me like I'd been a baby. His hands were soft, but he had plenty of what it took.

"About the time we got into the slit trenches, the top kick let out a big shout, 'Who left that light on? Douse it!' I peeped over the side of the trench an' saw a little fire 'bout twenty yards away.

"Somebody moved beside me, an' Hugh called out, 'I did, sergeant. I'll get it.' Just then the first stick of eggs hit 'bout seventy-five yards off, over toward the ambulance sheds. But that didn't stop Hugh. He wriggled off into the dark, an' a couple o' minutes later I saw the light blink out.

"I don't quite remember what happened next. Every joint an' nerve in my body felt like a ten-ton armored truck had hit me. If you can 'magine a big earthquake that never stops! When I came to, the Mitsubishis were gone, an' there was a lot of cussin' an' tearin' around. Finally they got us all back into the ward, or what was left of it. But Hugh wasn't 'round. I'd forgotten all 'bout the tea.

"Next mornin' the staff sergeant told me what they found. Funny, you know, how bombs work. Leave some things and smatter others all to pieces. Well, they found enough of Hugh an' his dog tags out there to identify him. Beside him, right on the edge of the bomb crater, was a lot of charred paper. That was what he'd used to make his fire, 'n a little way off was a cup with a little tea still left in it. That was my tea, I guess.

"Oh yes, 'n there was one other thing. 'Bout the middle of the mornin' the sergeant brought me a piece of half-burnt paper. 'What ya make o' this?' he said. 'Looks like he burnt his letter just 'fore he got it.'

"I looked at the paper. Only three words were left, but they told me a lot about Hugh. They said,

'Love always,
Jean.'

"There's the last call to the diner, lady. If you'll 'scuse me, guess I'll get a bite to eat."

Cloud Horses

BETTY BARBER

The horses in the foamy clouds
Have run a race today;
Their starting-point was at the sun;
I've watched them all the way.

Sometimes they slowed down to a trot
Till one 'most ran ahead;
Then they all began to fly
And one big white one led.

They seem to come from everywhere
And never cease to run;
I guess they finally win the race
When the day is done.

The Screech Owl's Cry

Laura Eager

'Twas on a dreary winter night
When a blood-red moon looked down
That the Yankees marched with thundering tread
And took the deserted town.
All heard the screech owl's cry.
The negroes say the screech owl cried
Its message of sure death,
For in the house the mistress lay
With quick and weak'ning breath.
Beware when the screech owls cry.
And a Yankee soldier sought the house
For loot to take away.
He saw the woman lying there
"Needs bleeding," he did say.
'Tis death when the screech owls cry.
The ghostly shadows filled the air
As life and death fought hard.
Life flowed from her to the thirsty leech,
While death kept watchful guard.
Oh, moan when the screech owls cry.
The Yankee left with purpose done,
But her gentle soul had fled,
And all the slaves took up the moan
For love of the mistress dead.
And they shuddered at the screech owl's cry.
'Twas on a stormy winter night
When a blood-red moon looked down
That Yankee moved with stumbling gait
To a house outside the town
And he heard the screech owl's cry.
He staggered to the door and fell—
His strength was spent from pain.
He lay unconscious in the cold.
And life began to wane
To the sound of the screech owl's cry.
They found him there, the very ones
He'd robbed of mistress fair,
And tenderly they took him in
And gave him gentle care,
Not heeding the screech owl's cry.
And now the Yankee soldier lay
On the bed where she had lain;
But patiently they nursed their foe
Till life came back again
In spite of the screech owl's cry.

High School Hero

LEONORA CURRIE

EVERYBODY called him "Atlas." He had broad muscular shoulders and long gangly legs. His well-shaped head was thatched with canary-colored straw, and his eyes were a cool twinkly green. But his profile! Ah, it was his profile that vanquished me—John Barrymore had nothing on Howard "Atlas" Harvey. He wore on his perfect pan an expression of utmost calm and serene assurance as he surveyed the havoc he had wrought, for without lifting an eye-brow he had transformed every giggling girl in the school into a lovesick and miserable mortal. Alas, I was no exception!

It was the first time I had been in love. Although I was only thirteen, I was positive that this was "the real thing." No puppy love for me—I had attained emotional maturity. This thing that I was experiencing was different and horrible and beautiful. This was what inspired ordinary men to write extraordinary poetry; this was the thing that prompted Edward VIII to give up a throne and an empire; this was what made the world go round.

For weeks I went about with an expectant air—it was exciting and delightful just to be alive. There was a tingling sensation in my ears and a breathless feeling around my heart. I was the victim of delicious pangs that persisted in reaching out to grip me when my mind was allowed to dwell upon the hero of my dreams.

Since I considered myself reasonably attractive, I came to the conclusion that with a little effort I might bring this one-sided thing I termed an "affair" to a climax. Inasmuch as my knowledge of love consisted almost entirely of what I had read in the Brothers Grimm and Grace Livingston Hill, I assumed that all I, the heroine of this little drama, needed to do was to make Prince Charming aware that a very special person was favorably impressed with his charms. From there Cupid was supposed to take over.

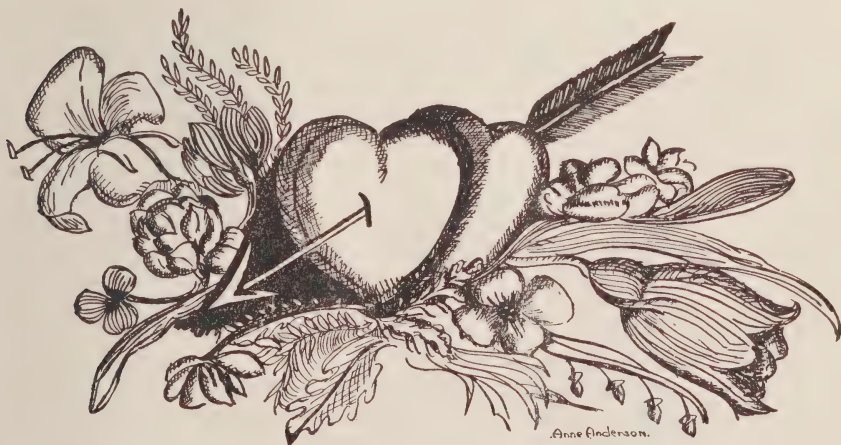
About this time Raeford's Romeo was elected editor-in-chief of the school newspaper. As a result, I suddenly decided to take up journalistic work. Cheerfully assuming my responsibilities as a sports writer, I worked slavishly at the job assigned to me with the fervent hope that I might win the approval of Howard, to whom I referred dramatically in the confines of my diary as "the man I love." This venture into the realm of journalism, however, did not advance my case noticeably, since I was merely "the little girl in the red jumper who sits in the third row from the window." When I realized that the reference was to me, my heart was smashed temporarily; but I managed to pick up the pieces, tilt my chin high, and carry on.

This time I was bolder, more determined, almost brazen. As a means of making myself known, I wangled a permission—it could not be called an in-

vation—to an older girl's party at which *he* would be present. Alas, many times since I have wished that fate had intervened and prevented my attending that party. To tell the truth, never having been closer to Howard than the "Hi there" distance, I had never carried on a conversation with him. Nothing daunted, however, I courageously perked up my hairbow, pushed up my sweater sleeves, backed him into a secluded corner of the parlor, and settled back contentedly, expecting everything to run smoothly á la Grace Livingston Hill.

He began the conversation by telling about his numerous exploits in the world of sports with a special emphasis placed upon the points he had scored in a recent basketball tournament. Next he gave an involved account of his brilliance in biology. After he had unfolded his plans for the future—he was going to be a psychiatrist—he added with a self-satisfied smirk, "Bet you never heard *that* word before." I had never heard the word, but it was extremely annoying to be reminded of my lack of learning. Although I was immensely flattered that he should tell me his life plans, his superiority was so cutting that my ego was deflated until it was practically non-existent. Having related his past achievements with a considerable degree of relish, he dismayed me by looking squarely down at me with that cool green gaze and remarking in an off-hand manner that he considered me "awfully cute." But the supreme shock came when he stated that he might marry me if only I were four years older. That did it! It was evident that he thought of me as a mere child. My pride lay shattered. Throughout the conversation—or I should say monologue—my feeling of breathless adoration had given way to a dull disappointment. Because of his condescending manner and some strange psychological quirk in my make-up, the rosy glow through which I had seen the great "Atlas" had become bleak reality; and I saw that my hero had freckles on his nose and his hair smelled of ammonia and peroxide. I was disillusioned about the whole affair. My Apollo had come down from his pedestal.

The next morning the pain around my heart had vanished. In its stead there was a feeling of bitter disappointment and confusion. I was cured of love—that is, until I met Alfred. But that's another story.



I'll Take the Highroad

Further Adventures of Jimmy

ANN PERRY



"AW, CRUMBS." Jimmy killed a spider thoroughly and messily with the heel of his moccasin. Something was always happening to him. How was he to know when he had got into a fight with Billy Wilkins yesterday that his father would see him? And because he had seen Jimmy hit Billy, his father was making him stay in his own yard today. Today, the day he was supposed to go swimming with Jingo Banks. The managers of the pool were giving a party, and there were to be races and refreshments.

"Gee whiz." Jimmy knew no amount of begging would make his father change his mind. He had had on his I-mean-what-I-say-young-man look last night when Jimmy had wondered about begging for a postponement of his punishment. Jimmy glanced at his watch—only ten minutes until Jingo would get here, and he was sure to ask why Jimmy couldn't go to the party. This was awful. If it ever got out that he had missed the party because he was being punished, he would be ruined. Jimmy frowned; he would have to think of something to tell Jingo. Jingo was pretty dumb, but he would ask questions.

"Ain'tcha ready yet, Jimmy?"

Jimmy jumped; Jingo had slipped up on him. And he hadn't thought of anything to tell him yet. He took a deep breath, glared at Jingo, and answered, "Naw, I'm not goin'."

Jingo was astonished. "You're not goin'! But you said yesterday you were goin'!"

Jimmy nodded in a superior way. "Yeah, but more 'portant things have come up," he said.

"More 'portant than goin' swimmin'?" Jingo asked. "What's more 'portant than goin' swimmin'?"

Jimmy stood up on the steps so that he would be taller than Jingo. "Well, if you think there's nothing more 'portant in this world than goin' swimmin', you're a dope, Jingo Banks, just a big, old, over-grown dope." Jimmy thought fast. Jingo was impressed; he had to make this good. "You're worse than a dope; you're a hyp'crite." Jimmy wasn't at all sure what hyp'crite meant, but it was a big word, and it sounded awful. Seeing that Jingo was impressed, he shouted louder, "You're a terrible hyp'crite, and you don't have to come around here any more either."

This was too much for Jingo. "Well, all right, if that's the way you feel about it." He scowled, slapped his bathing suit against his legs, marched down the front walk, and turned down the street.

Jimmy sighed. He wasn't worried about Jingo any more. If he stayed mad, Jimmy could give him one of the little puppies his dog Spot had. He thought about going around to the garage and playing with the puppies. But Jimmy had determined to be miserable today, and he was going to be miserable.

"Gee, I'll bet I could win the swimming race," he muttered. He started whistling as he saw his mother coming out the front door. He didn't want her to know how much he hated staying home.

"Jimmy, did I hear someone yelling out here?" she asked.

"No, Mum, it must have been over there," Jimmy pointed across the street to the Martins' house. "They were hollering a minute ago."

"It sounded closer than that," his mother said.

"No, ma'am," Jimmy lied. He didn't want to have to explain all about Jingo to his mother; she wouldn't understand.

"Well, I've got to go to the store. Is there anything special you want for lunch?"

"How about tomato sandwiches and lemonade?" Jimmy asked, and then he remembered that he was going to be miserable. "And bean soup," he added to ruin the meal.

"Why, Jimmy, if you want bean soup, we'll have it, but I thought you didn't like it," his mother said, perplexed.

"Aw, it's okay."

"I'll be back in an hour. You might sweep the front walk," his mother suggested.

"Bean soup," Jimmy said, "horrible old bean soup." He'd be sitting here eating bean soup while the other kids had hot dogs and cokes. Bean soup, lumpy old bean soup.

Up the street he could see the Petersons' maid sweeping the front walk. He looked at his own walk. Yes, it did need sweeping. The rocks he had used yesterday to crack hickory nuts were still there, and the empty shells were all over the walk. Jimmy decided he should tell Anna about it. He went in the house and found Anna washing the dishes. "Anna, the front walk needs to be cleaned up," he said.

"Well, why don't you sweep it if it's that bad," she grumbled, not turning from her dishes.

"Huh! I've got more 'portant things to do," he answered and went upstairs to his room.

Jimmy went over to his book shelf. He could read to pass the time. *Swiss Family Robinson* would be fun to read again; he'd start with the shipwreck. As Jimmy sprawled across the bed, he saw his swimming trunks lying on his desk chair. He scrambled off the bed, balled them up, and threw them across the hall into his parents' room. Scrubbing at his eyes to keep from crying, he mumbled, "It's not fair; it's just not fair. I'll bet the kids are in swimming by now. So help me, I'm not going to stay here. I'll run away; then they'll be sorry. They'll just be awful sorry they were mean to me. I'll go work on a farm and get rich and then come back here, and then they'll be sorry."

The slam of the front door as Anna went out to sweep the walk brought Jimmy back from his dream. He thought for a moment. You had to take something with you when you ran away, but what could he take? He glanced around the room, talking to himself. "Let's see; a clean pair of pants, and a clean shirt, and my big bandana." He looked down at the book lying open on his bed. He would take that because it told how they had got along after the

shipwreck. Maybe he could use it somewhere. He gathered up his things and tied them in his bandana. Then he tiptoed down the stairs and into the kitchen. You couldn't run away without taking something to eat; so he stuffed an apple in one pocket and a handful of cookies in the other. The back door squeaked as Jimmy pushed it open, crept through, and closed it.

He walked through the backyard, down the alley, and out into the street. When Spot tried to follow him, he threw a rock up in some bushes for her to try to find. She would hunt for it for an hour; then she would give up and go back home. He was going to miss her; he decided it was things like leaving her behind that made running away so funny. Jimmy wasn't very sure that he liked running away.

At five o'clock he was even less sure that he liked it. His legs were tired, and he was thirsty. He had been walking since before lunch, but he had just come to the outskirts of the city. The apple and the cookies had been eaten long before, and he was hungry. He looked ahead and saw a red diner at the side of the road. He hurried down the highway and went in. It was nice inside, warm and spicy with the smell of food. Jimmy clambered on a stool and looked around. The owner was at the other end of the counter, talking to some tourists. Jimmy heard the cash register ring up a sale and saw the man behind the counter coming up to his end.

"What'll you have, kid?" the man asked.

"A cheeseburger and a glass of milk," Jimmy answered, hoping the man couldn't see how scared he was. As the man turned to the stove, Jimmy rubbed his eyes. It might be all the dust or it might be squinting at the sun that made his eyes water this way. Then he was honest with himself; all he wanted was to go home. He didn't care if he hadn't shown how important he was; he just wanted to go home—now.

The man pushed his milk and cheeseburger across the counter and turned to ring up his check. Jimmy tried to eat his hamburger, but it didn't taste right, and all of a sudden, he wasn't hungry any more. He looked around the diner to see if there was a phone near. Then he stopped; if he went home now, he was afraid his father would spank him. Jimmy gulped and took another swallow of milk.

The man was back in front of him again. He propped his hands on the counter. "What's your name, kid?"

"Jimmy."

"Where do you live?"

"I live at 212 Pine Street."

"Oh, did you run away from home?"

Jimmy wished vaguely that the man would go away. His eyes followed a ketchup streak up the man's apron. "Yes," he muttered.

The man sounded as if he understood how Jimmy felt. "Uh, huh. Say, aren't you afraid your mother is going to worry about you? You wouldn't want her to worry, would you?"

Jimmy sighed. He was glad the man hadn't asked him if he didn't want to go home because he did want to so much that he was afraid he might have started crying. "I guess not," he muttered.

"What's your phone number?" the man asked.

Jimmy hesitated. He didn't want his father to spank him, but he did want to go home. "23612," he sighed. It was all over now; the man would call his father, and he would take him home. Jimmy watched the man go into the phone booth, dial a number, and talk to someone. Soon he returned.

"Your father's coming for you now," he said.

Jimmy sat on the stool, making designs with mustard on his plate until he heard a car stop across the highway. He gathered up his bundle and took out the money to pay for his dinner. The man saw him and shook his head.

"It's on me, kid."

The door opened, and Jimmy's father came in. He walked over and put a bill on the counter. "Thanks," he said to the man. Then he turned to Jimmy. "Come on," he said; and Jimmy could feel the bottom drop out of his world. He had expected his father to be mad, but not this mad. He walked out of the diner and across the highway. It had grown dark since he'd gone into the diner, and it was cold now. He shivered as he climbed into the front seat of the car between his mother and father. His father started the car. Jimmy put his bandana full of belongings down on the floor. He was awfully unhappy; nothing had happened as he had expected. His father and mother were mad at him—they weren't even speaking to him—and he had missed the party. He wiped his eyes with his sleeve.

Jimmy's father pushed his hat on the back of his head and looked at him. "How about leaving us a map next time you decide to run away, Jimmy. You had us scared stiff."

Jimmy's heart thumped hard. His father wasn't mad with him! He looked up at his mother and father. He could tell that his mother had been crying, and his father looked tired. He said, "I'm sorry," and meant more than that. His father understood and ruffled his hair. "Okay, but take it easy next time."

Jimmy began to understand now. His father hadn't been mad with him in the diner; he had been worried about him. And his mother had, too. They really cared about him. He leaned over and shoved *Swiss Family Robinson* aside. He didn't want any shipwrecks or journeys; home was plenty good for him. He wanted to sing, but instead he laughed aloud.

"It's a good thing I didn't stay away long," Jimmy said. "I forgot my toothbrush."

A Prayer

CHARLOTTE MAFFITT

Dear God, I would not pray as others pray.
I do not ask for his return; so high
It is above my meager power to say
If he shall fall in some far land and die.
But if he die, my love shall still remain
Unchanged by all the cold and barren years.
Once having known the poignant joy and pain
Of deep and fervent love's impassioned tears,
I only ask for strength within my heart
To bear a life like death, if he must go,
And I must always stay from him apart.
O God, I ask that he one thing may know:
That in my soul through all eternity
So still our love forevermore will be.

I Am Not A Biologist

LAURA EAGER

I AM NOT a biologist. And furthermore, I hope I shall never become a biologist. Biologists have to spend hours in the laboratory working over microscopes, and I think I have spent my share of hours for a life time already. I have one official laboratory a week, but that is just the beginning. Every Friday there is a make-up lab, and every Friday I go to the make-up lab. I'm almost afraid that the college will charge me rent, for I am in that lab just about as much as I am in my room. I don't think I am in danger of forgetting the hours spent in that lab anytime soon.

I must have started off on the wrong foot; in fact, I think I started off on both wrong feet. The first day I went to lab my instructor handed me a queer looking piece of machinery with lots of screws and knobs called a microscope and told me to prepare and draw the cells of elodea. I began doing what he told me to: I took out a slide and cover glass, cut off a little piece of the plant, drenched myself thoroughly with water while trying to get one drop on the slide, and got completely disgusted at the world in general and at biology in particular.

After that, things went from bad to worse. I put the slide where the instructor had told us to put it and tried to look at it through the microscope. If I kept both eyes open, I could see the microscope; if I kept only one eye open, I could see nothing, unless blackness can be called something. Suspecting that I had done something wrong, I asked the instructor to take a look, and he took several: one at the microscope, one through the microscope, and then one at me. No, I had not pushed that little barrel into place; no, I had never used a microscope before; no, I would not forget to do it again. He stood around to see that I did not forget any one of the million things a person using a microscope is supposed to remember. As I did forget most of the 999,999 others, he breathed a sigh of relief and began finding out how the others were getting along when I said I saw some lines and circles.

Poor man, he had worked hard for several hours trying to teach me how to use the microscope, but now, as I seemed to be able to see something finally, he felt a little better about the whole thing. The only thing I had yet to do was to draw what I saw. Then arose a new problem which I have not solved to this day. I could not see through the microscope clearly with my glasses on, and I could not see the paper to draw what I saw without them on. So I had to compromise: I took a quick peep at the slide, put my glasses on, and drew from memory. Well, I finally finished, and, while my drawing didn't look very much like the plant cells shown in the book, it did look like what I saw on the slide. Then instructor came along about that time and glanced at my drawing. He straightened up suddenly as though someone had stuck him

with a pin. A quick glance at my slide confirmed his fears: I was looking at air bubbles and scratches on the slide instead of the plant cells.

And so it went every lab period. Either I couldn't see anything at all, or I didn't recognize what I saw, or I couldn't draw what I did see. My drawings remained a combination of a mosaic and Arabian nightmares. My descriptions were even worse, if possible. Even when I added gestures to make them clearer, I only mixed him up. He feels better now, though, because he believes that there could be only one person like me in any century, and he hopes to be dead before the next century starts.



The Gray Man

MARY KATHERINE NYE

It was upon the sagging bridge
In wind and fog and rain;
The negro saw a blurring form—
The gray man walks again.

A big log truck came on the bridge,
The negro screamed in vain.
He gave one cry and then was still—
The gray man walks again.

One time the man of gray was seen
Before a hurricane
Which swept the isle in eighty-nine.
The gray man walks again.

In that big storm great lives were lost,
And many suffered pain.
The people brought to mind this fact—
The gray man walks again.

If ever you should see that form,
Know someone will be slain.
Go home and say your prayers for all—
The gray man walks again.

Hail the Queen

ANN PERRY

Ring out, clear trumpet; roll, you clarion drums,
For yonder with her train the May Queen comes;
With youth's fresh flowers pave her regal way
As we observe her coronation day.
Perform your gladsome rites of love
Beneath the sun-flecked sky above;
Virtues attend her round about,
Proclaim her with hearty shout
The reign of beauty which we chose to be
Set forth and ruled by her whom here we see.



Bloogies

BETTY BARBER

A bloogie winked at me today—
He lives inside a rose—
He winked at me then laughed out loud
And wrinkled up his nose.

All bloogies live in flower buds—
I know 'cause I've seen three;
They have pink wings and whiskers blue,
They fly and laugh with glee.

This bloogie is a friend of mine
I've seen him once before;
He peeped out of a purple rose
And what a face he wore!

Yet no one else has seen bloogies
I just don't see why not;
All bloogies live in flower buds,
I know and I'm a tot.

Book Reviews

Sergeant Charles E. (Commando) Kelly: One Man's War

LUCY ANN GROVENSTEIN

CHARLES KELLY lacked fear; when the call came for action which required courage, he was ready and willing to do his part. It was this trait that earned for him the title of "Commando" during the invasion of Italy and that gave to him the coveted Congressional Medal of Honor and the Silver Star. In the simple story of his adventures, to which he gives the title *One Man's War*, Kelly tells how he acquired these honors. He does not relate these adventures solely for the money he will receive for his book. One of the bigger reasons is that by so doing, he can tell the world about some of the boys he fought beside all through the bloody battles of Salerno, San Pietro, the Rapido River, and Cassino. He tells his story so that he can take the readers with him into the European invasion. Most of all he wishes to tell this story because it is about the infantry—the foot soldiers who up until now have been pretty much the war's forgotten men. Kelly tells the whole story of one GI omitting nothing that happened to him, or anything that he thought, said, or felt. He desires, in his own words, to give "an X-ray picture of him."

Kelly did this by beginning the story of his own life after Pearl Harbor Day, at which time he was working for a Pittsburgh painter, washing down walls for him and getting them ready to paint. Chuck Kelly is one of nine boys, six of whom are now serving in the armed forces. Kelly told of joining the army, of his disappointment at first, and of going A. W. O. L., which resulted in punishment. Then he told of the training he received; this training he compared with the school progress of a child—first kindergarten and lastly college entrance examinations. It was during this period of training that he acquired great skill with guns.

Next Kelly was sent overseas, where he received advanced Ranger training in North Africa. Then came the invasion of Italy, his separation from his company, a bloody engagement in which he and his detachment defended an ammunition dump in Altavilla and afterward escaped. (For his action in these parts he was later to receive the Medal of Honor.) At the Rapido River Kelly was among the first to cross in spite of heavy German fire. Later he fought in the terrible battle in the heights overlooking Cassino.

Kelly next told of the broadcasts he made from Naples and North Africa. And then he told of General Clark's presenting him a medal for "conspicuous service beyond the call of duty." Kelly felt that it was not just for himself he was accepting this medal, but for all the GI's who fought and died with him.

Shortly after this Kelly was flown back to Pittsburgh, and there he was hailed as a returning hero. He was given a reception which rivaled any this country has ever seen. The attention showered upon him would have been enough to turn the head of a weaker man, but not Kelly's. To show something of the true Kelly, I might mention the suite of rooms reserved for him in one of the leading hotels in Pittsburgh in which he refused to stay; he wished to go home—home to his house on the wrong side of the tracks, home to the people he loved—his mother and his brothers. He was not ashamed of these people because of their poverty; he was proud of them!

Sergeant Kelly's book is, indeed, one of the most vivid and stirring accounts of battle to have come out of this war. He succeeds in portraying the emotions, thoughts, and desires of the soldiers he was associated with during these battles, and he does it well.



A. J. Cronin: "The Green Years"

IRENE BAME

THROUGHOUT Cronin's novels the one characteristic always evident is his ability to portray his characters as human beings living and striving in a world that is not a bed of roses. It is as if he had made an oath to his readers to make his novels true to life. In *The Green Years* he has again fulfilled his promise.

Robert Shannon, orphaned at an early age and taken to a small Scottish village to live with his maternal grandparents, is faced with problems long before he is able to recognize their significance. He soon discovers that this little town can hold only sadness and ridicule for him, for neither his religion, nor his name, nor his background are in accord with those of these Scotch people. At times he is almost broken under the weight of his problems and accepts defeat rather than fight for his ideals. Each time, however, that he is tempted to resign to his fate, he is stopped in some manner by his grandfather, Cadger Gow. Old Cadger Gow, irresponsible and yet irresistible, slips through the story, motivating and lifting the spirits of little Robie. Chiding and lovable, he alone is able to stand up to the contradicting personalities of the family.

This story of a boy and his grandfather brings the reader closer to the realities of life. Heartwarming and sad, it is an addition to the author's other well loved novels.

Gwethalyn Graham: "Earth and High Heaven"

MARY MCGILL

E*arth and High Heaven* faces fairly and honestly one of the vital issues of modern society. Although Gwethalyn Graham gives to this beautifully written love story an idealistic conclusion hardly practical or desirable in a realistic world, she confronts the problem of racial tolerance with rare perception and understanding.

Montreal society is divided roughly into three social groups: French Canadian, English Canadian, and Jew. At times the barrier between the first two may be overlooked, but only in cases of common scorn for the third.

The Drakes had lived in Montreal since religious controversy in Stuart England forced them to choose between their home and their religion. They were proud of their ancestry and proud of the steady success that had given them an unquestioned position in Canadian society. But Erica Drake had deviated from the traditional pattern the family had followed. Her freedom of thought and independent nature had led her to accept a position as society editor of a local newspaper—a step which separated her not only from her family, but more especially from the highly social group of young people who had formerly been her closest friends.

Mark Reiser was a Jewish lawyer. His family, too, had immigrated to Canada, but only a decade ago; they, too, had been successful with their small mill to the north of Montreal, but not successful enough to override the racial prejudice that set them apart from the really acceptable. Mark had been introduced to the contempt that awaited him the day he had come crying from school before a small crowd of cruel children who hurled sneers at him. But he, too, had a freedom of thought and an independent nature that made him believe himself capable of overlooking the snobs and insults even of a grown-up world. So he had gone to a University and then to Law School, and had withdrawn more and more into himself, even though his scholastic success was early assured. The hurts of social discrimination and the cruelty of convention had made their marks; he could never accustom himself to being turned away from hotels and from boarding houses marked "For Gentiles Only" nor to being coolly ignored by his business associates when out of the business world. And so he had come out an over-sensitive, retiring, distrusting soul with a philosophy of bitter resignation.

The Drakes were typical Protestant English Canadians, and the Reisers were typical Orthodox Jewish. And it was inevitable that their rather untypical children should be attracted to each other. It was inevitable, too, that both families should do all they knew to do to prevent the attraction. Their love was hampered by social custom and racial differences, but they "dared earth and high heaven to make their vision real." Perhaps their solution to the problem overlooked too many fundamental issues, but at any rate it marked one step in tearing down much of the narrowness and prejudice that make the problem of racial tolerance one of the vital ones of our society.

The book is timely and interesting, written in an individual style, and faces with understanding a matter of universal concern.

Editorials

Sustenance

MARY MCGILL

THESE are indeed "times that try men's souls." Even in lands which do not know the actual ravages of bombing and warfare, there are scars on every side, scars that burn far deeper than shell and bomb, scars imprinted on the minds and hearts of millions of people. Frequent heartbreak and constant anxiety threaten to make of our lives tangled wrecks. In such a crisis there is an imperative need for an emotional stability which will strengthen us to face life and its disasters with faith and courage and will enable us to do our part in rebuilding a broken world.

There are various ways of attaining this emotional stability. The most fundamental is a deep and abiding Christian faith. A religion offers something far deeper and graver than temporal incidents and enables us to see our lives and problems in relation to a great and all-enveloping scheme.

A reflection of this faith is seen in great literature of all ages. As Matthew Arnold says in his essay "The Study of Poetry," "In poetry our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer stay . . . More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us." In literature we can find an interpretation of life. When reading of the exploits of a Greek Odysseus or of the conflicts of a Shakespearean Hamlet, we take a position which enables us to view life with an objective eye, for even though these characters and these incidents are seemingly far removed from our own lives, the fundamental principles are startlingly the same. We live with them their joys, their heart-breaks, their disappointments, and see through their reactions an interpretation of life. In literature we find, too, a consolation and stay. Certainly sorrows do not lose their hurt, but who could feel utterly hopeless when comforted by the inspired beauty of great poetry? Through the medium of literature life takes on a new light. We see ourselves not only as an individual, but as a part of humanity—a humanity, destined to greatness and to eternal life.

Reflections

BETTY MCGILL

A MONTH will bring the annual events of graduation again to the campus. Another year—like a huge tower bell—will have tolled the end of another series of these continual preparations for life.

We seniors are thinking seriously on these four years we have spent at

Queens, for it is but natural if not imperative that a person evaluate any experience; only in this way does one progress toward the "higher mark". Each senior is asking herself: In what ways has this experience profited me? Have I left a portion of my better self to this experience?

We remember as freshmen having visualized the great metamorphosis of personalities which would come with this four years in college. We remember that familiar phrase that always associated itself with the purpose of a college education—"preparation for life." Now we are somewhat disillusioned to find that no metamorphosis has taken place, for we are fundamentally the same persons who shied into the halls of Burwell four years ago; and with trepidation we evade that haunting phrase "preparation for life" though we have learned that college life, like any experience, is a constant preparation for life. While we have been preparing for life, we have been living life.

In spite of the faint disillusionment which comes with the comparison of our ideals and our real selves, it is certain that we are carrying away with us a part of the great spirit of Queens College and we are leaving a part of ourselves with this spirit. In elaborating on the interchangeable contributions of the senior and Queens, it is necessary that one should understand what is meant by the spirit of our college. Those traits of loyalty, devotion, integrity of living, and other moral principles which embody the great ideals for which any institution stands, compose its spirit. This spirit is perpetuated through the years by the personalities within the institution who strengthen and enrich these ideals and who in turn absorb this spirit into their lives and take it away with them when they leave.

We seniors, as a body, have left the intangible spirit of our presence to Queens—our spirit of loyalty, of service, and of love which has become a part of the greater spirit of the college. The underclassmen have unconsciously caught the reflection of our spirit that they may further perpetuate its significant meaning when we have gone. Not only as a class, but as individuals, each senior has left in some small way a part of herself to the college. Her services in executing her offices, her scholastic achievements, her social services, her traits of friendliness and love have inspired some obscure and seemingly insignificant personality and thereby ennobled a life. It is true that our spirit will never leave the halls of Burwell.

On the other hand, the great spirit of Queens has entered into each personality which has crossed its threshold, and through its high ideals and principles this spirit will be carried away with each senior into the world. Religion, character, intellectual attainment, civic obligation, cultural charm, physical soundness, and vocational guidance are the seven ideals which embody the great spirit of our college.

The ideal of religion is perhaps the greatest contribution of the college to our lives, for in these four short but maddening years of wartime, we have learned to face the crises of life with Christian fortitude. Not a few of us have felt the sharp pang of this war march; the Christian atmosphere here has softened the pang. We have absorbed a great part of the college creed in believing that "religion is a requisite of noble living." This religion has manifested itself in the genuine friendliness that abounds on the campus, in the spirit of service encouraged in our students, in the emphasis on the honor and integrity found in our Honor System—in a million other ways. We will carry away with us a deep, unswerving sense of moral integrity, and a strong desire for the "greater way" of life.

These same traits of truthfulness, unselfishness, wholesomeness, and the spirit of service—in a like manner—have developed the second great ideal of character within us.

Through the carefully planned schedules of general and specific fields of study each of us should have acquired in some small way the third ideal of our college—that of intellectual attainment. Regardless of our field of specialization, whether it is art, science, religion, English, this concentrated study has enabled each of us to think objectively and to solve problems in the light of intelligent reasoning.

The ideal of civic obligation should have inspired us now as never before. The broadening of our own knowledge should have instilled into us the deep desire to relieve the misery, the suffering, the sin, and the hate of our fellow-men, and to accept gratefully the responsibility of relieving these conditions.

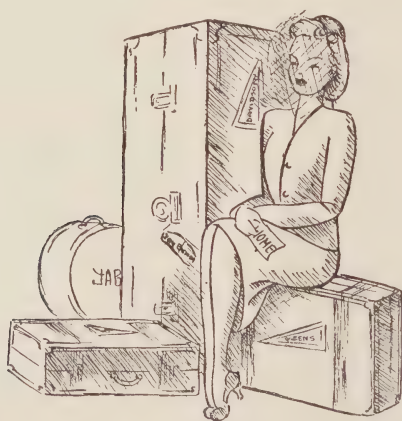
After living in the midst of our liberal arts college, there should not be lacking in us the fifth of our college ideals—that of cultured charm; there should be embued within us an “appreciation of the true, the good, and the beautiful.”

Knowing that without physical soundness one's mental and emotional development is in question, we have absorbed the vast importance of this sixth ideal of our school—physical health.

The last ideal is by no means the least important. Through the carefully planned vocational guidance of Queens College we will be better prepared for and happily adjusted to the life's work that we have chosen to do.

There is no doubt, after evaluating our college experience, that it has been an inestimable one. Though these contributions may all seem intangible and illusive, we cannot escape the fact that we have left a part of ourselves in the spirit of our college and that we are taking away a greater part of this spirit with us. These four years that we seniors have spent at Queens are eternal, for is it not true that

*“We are a part of all that we have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro’
Gleams that untravelled world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when we move”?*



The Infuence of Boy Actors

(Continued from page 25)

Although it is a negative argument, another woman's jealousy of her is a strong indication of a woman's charm. In addition to jealousy and unwanted love, Shakespeare further enriches the verbal illusion of Hermia by inserting hints of her physical appearance. The picture of a small, dark girl is drawn when Lysander refers to her as a raven, an Ethiopie, and she refers to herself:

*"Because I am so dwarfish and so low?"*¹⁵

Juliet, doubtless the most popular of Shakespeare's heroines, is the masterpiece of his word camouflage of the boy actor. He does not wait for her entrance to develop the illusion of this important character. Between her father and Paris she is introduced to the audience as a tenderly-young girl, scarcely out of childhood:

*"My child is yet a stranger to the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride."*¹⁶

Her freshness was further emphasized in the Nurse's dialogue and in Juliet's obedient but evasive answers to her mother in Act I, Scene iii. This picture of her innocence and extreme youth strengthens the force of her attraction for Romeo, bitter over a recent affair with a worldly, fickle girl. Love at first sight between Juliet and Romeo was one of the most critical developments of the play and had to be convincing. The audience was prepared for the event and was not depending on the boy actor to radiate a superhuman magnetism to capture Romeo.

The next critical demand on the boy actor's beauty as Juliet was made in the famous garden scene. Again another actor met the demand. From the moment Juliet appeared at the window Romeo cast a veil of poetry over her, which no imaginative audience would care to lift.

*"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun!*

*. . . and her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
. . . bright angel! . . . dear saint. . ."*¹⁷

On the other hand, the legend of Cleopatra, no "dear saint," would have discouraged a lesser playwright than Shakespeare, knowing that this dynamic figure would have to be portrayed on the stage by a boy. She was not a woman to be drawn from his imagination and fitted into a plot. She had already lived a plot intense and intriguing beyond imagination and fiction. Nevertheless, Shakespeare reproduced her on the Elizabethan stage without losing one shade of her color. He used his same formula, that of letting various characters frame the figure on the stage in a circle of illuminating words. Antony lighted the flame:

¹⁵Ibid, III, ii, 295.

¹⁶Romeo and Juliet, I, ii, 8-11.

¹⁷Ibid, II, ii, 2, 3, 20-22, 26, 55.

"Fie, wrangling queen!

Whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh,

To weep, whose every passion fully strives

*To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd!"*¹⁸

Enobarus added two masterful strokes to the portrait, once when Antony regretted ever having seen Cleopatra:

*"O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonder piece," . . .*¹⁹

His greatest contribution was his description to Agrippa of her meeting with Antony, concluding:

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale

Her infinite variety. Other women cloy

The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry

Where most she satisfied; for vilest things

*Become themselves in her. . ."*²⁰

For obvious reasons, the role of Cleopatra was probably the most difficult one for the boy actor. She was fire and ice, passion and shrewdness. Her role was more demanding because of several love scenes with Antony. As long as love was kept abstract in poetry and dialogue, the action was not awkward. But the boy actor needed more skill than he possessed to make those scenes with Antony convincing. Again the solution must lie in the fact that the audience, being accustomed to the boy-heroine, did not expect authenticity. They would elaborate the scene if the actors indicated the actions and motions. Just as they saw the beauty of Juliet or Silvia in the words of other characters, they also saw the real kisses of Antony and Cleopatra in the passionate dialogue accompanying them. Thus both fellow-actors and audience bent their efforts to envision the heroine. The boy actor was surrounded by human mirrors reflecting his image, not as he looked but as the romantic heroine looked.

The difficulties of Cleopatra's love scenes bring up another problem which Shakespeare encountered in writing for the boy actor. Besides helping him look his part, the writer had to help him act his part. The most obvious aid was not to demand too much of him in his role. Cleopatra's and Juliet's love scenes were exceptions because Shakespeare's tendency was to avoid such situations. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he disregarded an ideal setting in the forest for Hermia and Lysander, letting Hermia keep them apart:

"But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy

*Lie further off, in humane modesty;"*²¹

A doubtful kiss is hinted at in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* when Julia says, on receiving a ring from Proteus:

*"And seal the bargain with a holy kiss."*²²

This may have meant that Proteus kissed her hand because in the next line he offers her his hand in promise of fidelity. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, however, Benedick kisses Beatrice in Act V, Scene iv. Also, Katherine kisses Petruchio in Act V, Scene 1 of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Kisses might have been faked on the stage. Apparently they were not too awkward for the boy or they would have been excluded.

¹⁸Antony and Cleopatra, I, i, 48-51.

¹⁹Ibid, I, ii, 159-60.

²⁰Ibid, II, ii, 240-44.

²¹II, ii, 56-57.

²²II, ii, 7.

In the intense love of Romeo and Juliet there is comparatively little actual love making, although there is more than in the other plays. The kisses of Act I, Scene v are flirtatious; one when they part (III, v, 42) is hurried. In their most significant love scene, the balcony scene, they are out of physical touch (II, ii). Their love unfolds in their poetic dialogue. As for Antony and Cleopatra, they were parting as the play opens, and the flame of their affair has almost consumed itself. Only smoldering ashes are scattered through the remainder of the play until Antony's death scene. This most passionate of Shakespearean love stories depends more than any of the others on the colorful suggestion and brilliant conversation of Cleopatra to depict her feelings.

Apparently Shakespeare did protect the boy actor throughout the plays from awkward, embarrassing duties, especially in love scenes. Even so, he used such scenes more frequently than expected. Either love making was easily faked or the boy actor's skill was more dependable than believed since Shakespeare did not omit these incidents.

A most popular trick of the Bard's with Elizabethan audiences was to disguise the romantic heroine as a boy. This ingenious change not only aided the boy actor but added immeasurable cleverness to the plot. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona* Julia increases the humor and irony of the plot when she dons boy's clothes and becomes the page of her lover, unwillingly aiding and abetting his affair with Silvia. A double portion of this double masquerade was administered in *The Merchant of Venice*. Jessica disguised herself as a boy to elope; both Portia and Nerissa went to Venice as boys, and Portia fulfilled her boast:

*"I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two."*²³

She succeeds in passing as a brilliant young lawyer, deceiving both Bassanio and Shylock.

As delightful to the Elizabethan audience as seeing this double-play were the sly allusions to the masquerade made by actors. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* Julia, played by a boy, is disguised as a boy and tells Silvia that "he" has often taken women's parts:

*"When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part."*²⁴

In casting the mechanics' play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Flute begs:

*"Nay faith, let not me play a woman.
I have a beard coming."*²⁵

Cleopatra predicts the dramatization of her life:

*"And I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness."*²⁶

In the Epilogue of *As You Like It* Rosalind flaunts her portrayer to the audience:

*"If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that
pleas'd me . . . and I am sure, as many . . . will, for my kind offer, when
I make curtesy, bid me farewell."*

In these passages Shakespeare was enticing his audience to laugh at the boy

²³III, iv, 64.

²⁴IV, iv, 164-65.

²⁵I, ii, 49-50.

²⁶V, ii, 218-219.

actor as a girl. He was increasing their enjoyment of the situation. A lesser artist would not have dared to elaborate on his inadequacies.

All in all, as in every other phase of his profession, Shakespeare proved himself the master of the problem of the boy actor portraying the romantic heroine. He turned a handicap into an asset. In order to authenticate the appearance of a boy dressed as a girl, he concentrated the full power of his word-magic into colorful description. In order to transform the actor into the romantic heroine his plot required, he cast the spell of his most exquisite poetry over her. Finally having finished his word-portrait, he tested it as a craftsman tests the stainlessness of his steel. Boldly Shakespeare pointed to this boy—this “squeaking Cleopatra”—and invited the audience to laugh. The triumph was that they did not laugh at him, but with him.

The Romantic England of Washington Irving

(Continued from page 13)

almost hear him declare with Thomas Gray: “The paths of glory lead but to the grave.” And Irving himself writes of it thus:

It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust, what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner to these whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy.⁴

And yet he senses, too, a certain melancholy reverence in the scene. The breath of the past—the very glory of the past—is somehow reflected here in this musty, dusty abbey of tombs. “The empire of death” possesses its own peculiar beauty—a loveliness which transports Irving far away indeed from the hustling world of life. And is not this the very essence of romanticism? Meditation on the meanings of death, indeed, was a part of the romantic Irving.

In discussing the burial customs of England, then, he combines a love for the old with his fondness for the melancholy of the grave. One of the most beautiful funeral traditions to Irving is that of strewing flowers before the procession and planting them in the grave of the departed. This idea is particularly beautiful as used in the last rites of a young, unmarried girl:

A chaplet of white flowers is borne before the corpse by a young girl nearest in age, and is afterwards hung up in the church over the accustomed seat of the deceased. These chaplets are sometimes made of white paper, in imitation of flowers, and inside of them is generally a pair of white gloves. They are intended as emblems of the purity of the deceased, and the crown of glory which she has received in heaven.⁵

⁴ Washington Irving, “Westminster Abbey,” *The Sketch Book*, p. 160.

⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 128.

Such beauty of symbolism is only too rarely met today. It belongs, with so many other lovely customs, to the wind of the past; and Irving's appreciation of it, so openly voiced, forms one of his chief idealistic appeals.

No funeral, however, is complete without music. In some parts of England, Irving declares, the dead are carried to their graves with the singing of hymns to show that they have finished their courses with triumph. This idea in particular has survived today in many places, and, indeed, it existed in other countries in Irving's day. But in England its simplicity seems all the more romantic for the poetic surroundings of nature and the all-pervading atmosphere of antiquity. Thus the funeral traditions of England form a great part of the romantic appeal of Irving.

But the author saw English romanticism in aspects other than the country life; he found it in the loveliness of the ancient shrines. One of the most beautiful of England's old literary spots to Irving was Windsor Castle, which forms the medieval background for an ancient crime and a moving love poem. The romantic Irving sets his stage and, in a more detailed analysis, describes the "magnificent saloons and long echoing galleries of the castle," with particular emphasis upon the rows of ancient paintings, dating from the age of Charles II. In the keep of the old castle Irving's romantic mind lingers; and his imagination wanders to the story of James I of Scotland, who was once held a prisoner in this very dungeon. The air of the ancient event is all around him; and, as Irving unfolds the story of the young king who became a poet in his darkest hours, the reader is amazed by the sheer romantic beauty of Irving's description and by his skill in creating a dark, wistful—and almost magical atmosphere. The story of James, the poet, for which the previously mentioned description of the castle forms a colorful background, seems to have played upon every faculty of Irving's imagination; with ardent enthusiasm, he launches into the tale of the young prisoner who fell in love with the Lady Jane Beaufort, whose charm motivated him to express his feelings in poetry. Or, as Irving expresses it, since James was "gifted with a powerful poetic fancy," it was only natural that he should be visited in his prison by the "choicest inspirations of the Muse." Hence James filled his hours with the compositions of poetry, telling of his passion for Jane. Irving then launches into a detailed analysis of the poem, his purpose being not critical but sympathetic. That is, Irving was himself glorying in the romance of the idea of the royal poet. Again, every object in view kindles his imagination. The following passage will amply explain the feelings of Irving as he stood musing in the old keep:

I paced the deserted chambers where he (James) had composed his poem; I leaned upon the window, and endeavored to persuade myself it was the very one where he had been visited by his vision; I looked out upon the spot where he had first seen the Lady Jane. There is a charm about a spot that has been printed by the footsteps of departed beauty and consecrated by the inspirations of the poet, which is heightened, rather than impaired, by the lapse of ages. It is, indeed, the gift of poetry to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe around nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose.⁶

For another illustration of Irving's romance in literary localities, we turn again to Westminster Abbey, where the author visits an entirely different room in the old landmark. This time, moreover, his musings are more

⁶ Washington Irving, "A Royal Poet," *The Sketch Book*, p. 89.

explicitly literary. The very description of the ancient library is suggestive of a painting—"a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak . . . the books arranged in carved oaken cases." He continues building atmosphere, then, as he represents the room as being "buried deep among the massive walls of the abbey and shut up from the tumult of the world." Far away the sound of a bell echoed "soberly along the roofs of the abbey;" and finally "the bell ceased to toll, and a profound silence reigned through the dusky hall." The ultimate result is a lengthy imaginative conversation with an old quarto which he takes up to read. The antiquity and the mutability of literature are argued pro and con, the same air of oldness being present which existed also in "Westminster Abbey." Irving, through his discussion of writers whose works are no longer known and authors whose books in contrast have lived throughout the ages, reveals his almost reverential regard for the romantic antiquity of literature—its universality and even its mutability.

Of all the older poets of England, however, Irving especially admired England's greatest of all, the mighty Shakespeare. While reading the romantic Shakespeare's descriptions of the "madcap revelry" of the Boar's Head Tavern, he became so interested that he determined to search for any remaining traces of the ancient hostelry, which had actually existed. A constant search follows, which is rewarded only by a few relics—a tobacco-box and a drinking cup, the history of which could possibly date them from Shakespeare. And throughout the sketch there is the unmistakable enthusiasm of Irving in his quest for some token to kindle again his imagination with the poetic past. As he himself declares, "I love to give myself up to the illusions of poetry."

But the effect of the sublime Shakespeare upon Irving is best expressed in his classic piece, "Stratford-on-Avon." Not enough can be said for the romance of this sketch. Irving completely captivates the reader's imagination as he describes his ramblings through the old homestead of Shakespeare; and he makes the reader feel that same romantic enthusiasm for the past which inspired him as he wrote. The chair, the grave, the sexton's cottage, the park, and the Avon—all are described with their effect upon Irving in a beautifully poetic style which itself suggests the mighty poet. The spirit of Shakespeare, indeed, breathes in every word. For example, let us consider the brief description of the dramatist's chair:

It stands in a chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin, or of an evening listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford-on-Avon, dealing forth churchyard tales.

In line after line, then, the writer, mentioning an object, declares that it brings to mind the words of some character in one of the poet's plays. The result is beautifully pleasing; the reader is completely transmitted into the world of Shakespeare. And so enchanting is Irving's description that he feels that he himself has visited this ancient shrine. Irving truly achieves poetic prose in this sketch. It is sheer magic.

And so we have seen by a few examples how Irving reveals the antiquity of English romance in his writings. But the author does not stop here; for he also shows the results of this romanticism in the living character of the Englishman. One of the most outstanding of these characteristics is the spirit of freedom and robustness found in the heart of every English subject. In the

squire we see a great deal of this quality in his sheer enthusiasm for the old customs of Christmas and in his freedom to exercise his will in keeping them alive. The angler, in his love for wandering and fishing in the great English out-of-doors, also reveals a spirit of heartiness and independence. It is admirable—this quality—and is traceable in large measure to the English romance of long ago, which has remained to color, with its munificent richness, the lives of the people today.

It is inevitable that the Englishman should have a sense of ambition and pride in his nature as he reflects upon his romantic heritage. Does not Irving's squire look abroad upon all his possessions as an Englishman and take pride in his nationality? This pride inevitably stirs him to activity; and we see him reviving and keeping alive that tradition which he loves. Similarly, John Bull, in spite of his various financial and social difficulties, still retains his spirit.

If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; and talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or buy another estate.⁷

Such is the ambitious pride of the Englishman, and Irving demonstrates that it can be traced to that driving nationalism which takes its root in the past glory of the country.

Finally there is a direct worship of antiquity in the Englishman's heart. His pride, his ambition, his freedom, and his robustness may in some measure be traced to this veneration of the past; but there is also a more direct, admitted reverence of oldness. The squire, of course, is the supreme illustration. Openly and sometimes to his own embarrassment, he admits his love for antiquity; and, although he is an extreme example, Irving seems to be presenting a characteristic more or less generally present in the English soul. Of John Bull, Irving declares, "John has such a reverence for everything that has been long in the family that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses." This description, perhaps more than any other we could select, depicts what tradition actually means to the Englishman. It is his heart and soul, his guiding beacon, and almost his very life.

We cannot doubt, then, Irving's English romanticism. It is prevalent in all of his English sketches; it is inspiring; it is beautiful; and it is state-ly because it is English. For this reason it would seem that Washington Irving has earned for himself a universal place in English literature as well as in American. All the characteristics of romantic England are there—the beautiful landscape, the simple life, the ancient customs, the famous shrines, and the romantic Englishman himself—almost as if the English gentleman himself had written it. We must concede, therefore, a part of Irving to England. And it is that part of him which speaks when he declares, "I longed to escape from the commonplace realities of the present, and to lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past."

⁷ Washington Irving, "John Bull," *The Sketch Book*, p. 305.

February Spring Day

FLORA ANN NOWELL

Today cold Winter borrowed one
Of Spring's warm days. 'Twas just for fun
She did it; and because she knew
That we get bored when skies aren't blue
For months on end, she chose a day
As gay and bright as those of May.
It was too warm for coats and hats,
And not a day for fireside chats;
'Twas made instead for gay birds' songs,
Blue skies, bright sun, and spirits strong;
For walks and happiness and smiles,
And pastel shades and springtimes styles.
Tomorrow it may snow again,
Or else there may be sleet or rain;
But the perfection of today
Makes spring seem not so far away.

